

AMERICAN
Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

JUNE, 1843.

Embellishment:
TROUT-FISHING:
Engraved on Steel by GIMBREDE after RADCLIFFE.

CONTENTS :

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.....	302
TROUT-FISHING	303
NOTES OF AN ATTEMPT IN BREEDING—CHAP. IV.: BY G. B.	304
LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLE-CHASE	306
ON TRAINING THE RACE HORSE: BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.....	309
ENGLISH RACING STALLIONS FOR 1843: BY Q "AT THE CORNER".....	314
HOW DOGS FOR THE GUN SHOULD BE TREATED: BY AN A. M.	326
SIR GILBERT HEATHCOTE'S RACING ESTABLISHMENT.....	330
SPORTING PASSAGES IN MY LIFE: BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.....	333
AN ENGLISH SPORTING CHARACTER AT HIS COUNTRY ESTABLISHMENT	341
SHOOTING IN GENERAL: BY "RINGWOOD".....	346
NOTES OF THE MONTH: BY THE EDITOR	353
HAVANA RACES.....	353
NEW YORK JOCKEY CLUB HOUSE.....	"
CRICKET.....	"
SALES OF STOCK	354
THE CANADA TURF.....	354
NAMES CLAIMED	"
RIFLE SHOOTING.....	"
AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR, 1843. RACES AT	
PETERSBURG, VA.....	355
ALEXANDRIA, D. C.....	"
TRENTON, N. J.....	357
WASHINGTON, D. C.....	"
HAVANA RACES—VALDES COURSE.....	358
ANOTHER SECRET FOR TAMING VICIOUS HORSES.....	363
TURF REGISTER.....	364
PEDIGREE OF CASPIAN, THE PROPERTY OF SAMUEL G. WRIGHT.....	364
PEDIGREE OF ESTRELLA.....	364
IRISH PEDIGREE WANTED	"

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

FAYETTE, Mo. - - - Sweepstakes, 8th and 9th of June.

LOUISVILLE, Ky. - Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th June.

RED BRIDGE, Tenn. Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 11th Oct.

TORONTO, U. C. - - Union Course, Turf Club Spring Meeting, last Tuesday, 30th May.

" " St. Leger Course, Turf Club S. M., 2d Wednesday, 8th June.

**THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS**



TROUT-FISHING.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION ENGRAVED BY GIMBREDE AFTER RADCLIFFE.

THE streams in Hamilton County, and in many other sections of this State, are such as that we see depicted in the beautiful engraving which forms our present subject. In such a locality as we see here exhibited, we cannot but imagine that salmon, as well as trout, may be taken; and what a dance would one, "fat, fair, and forty," lead an angler over the rocky sides of the stream! Who, indeed, can see so lovely a spot, and not wish themselves there? In fact, we venture our sporting reputation that hundreds will unite with us in that wish ere the month be over. Fishing is charming everywhere, but that charm is much enhanced when we can pursue it through wild rocks and cascades, where, amidst the foam, the wary trout, seeking to surprise his prey, is unable to discern the line that is to entrap him; and then how much mightier our fish appears as he dashes onwards through the foaming waters. In such a place as we see here set forth, the sun may shine away, and yet amongst the rippling shallows the fish will rise as boldly as ever, whilst a minnow spun cleverly across just where the waters rush through those three large stones would most assuredly insure a run of some lusty trout—an awkward place we certainly admit, to approach to make your cast in, yet we opine it can be done; and we have strong suspicions that the stout gentleman with his back towards us, has been there already, and, in fact, is resting a little after his labors, and exhibiting to the astonished countryman such a trout as the latter never set eyes upon before, whilst at the same time his captor is favoring him with a true and particular account of its capture; his companion, in the mean time, casts his fly over a nice gravelly scour where the waters grow shallow, and where a sportive trout or two may always be bargained for.

Now places like these are only adapted for good honest downright sportsmen—none of your lazy drawing-room exquisites would do here—no, we must have one who can scramble over rocks and wade the river, and, if needs be, swim across it; which, by the way, brings to our recollection an anecdote we lately heard of a celebrated angler, whose wild exploits in sporting will ever be read with great interest, and which, being communicated to us by an intimate friend of his, we believe to be true. L—— hooked a fine salmon that instantly took down stream, and so weighty and powerful was the fish, that L——, unable to turn him, followed on his course for a considerable distance, and, encountering three bridges in his route, boldly plunged in and swam through them

rod in hand, and finally succeeded in capturing his prize ; a feat, we believe, unparalleled in the annals of angling, which few men can ever hope to achieve, even if they could muster sufficient courage to make the attempt.

NOTES OF AN ATTEMPT IN BREEDING.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MODE.

To the Editor of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine"—

THE MODE—"Ay, there's the rub." The question is *how*. Of all the parts of speech give me, for despatch of business, an adverb ; because, according to Lindley Murray, "an adverb is a word which answers to the question *how, how much, when, or where ?*" These questions are not always so easily answered as by finding an adverb.

On the first meditation of this enterprise, in the greenness of youthful desire, I wished to be possessed of a numerous and regular breeding stud, like a Russian Lord. Were this practicable, it would be only vexatious. Just think of having a number of stupid, lazy, deceitful, and saucy hirelings, living at your charge, to look after your cherished animals in a way to suit their own several humors. A little reflection showed that every advantage could be secured, without great cost and care, by simply keeping stallions of the right sort, and in a proper manner, and gradually encouraging my neighbors to breed and rear their produce on a correct system. Were it practicable to keep an extensive breeding establishment, the cost of rearing a colt could not be less than the sum which might induce a neighbor to part with one just when I should want it : and firmly believing that the particular qualities of an animal are chiefly secured in the copulation whereby it is produced, I must prefer to purchase, rather than rear ; provided those who rear for sale can be brought to do so in a manner to perfect the description of animal required.

You may now see why I take especially to the keeping of stallions ; and, of all things, do not think me induced by a view to *immediate* profit. While the false brags of jockies would lead to the belief that money is made in this occupation, experienced and truth-speaking men will generally assert it to be a ruinous employment. I have been at some pains, not only to calculate beforehand my own prospect for profit and loss, but to ascertain the actual state of the account with others, whose assertions, as well as common report, would induce a belief in their entire success. In several instances, from a candid estimate of the income, an examination of the names of customers in the service-books, it could not be discovered that the horses had done better than to

barely pay their way. Now, limiting my horses, for the sake of better produce, to half the number of mares usually admitted to the country stallions, I shall be fortunate if the business yields a reasonable compensation for the labor bestowed, and the capital employed in it.

The main source of remuneration is in thoroughly improving the stock of the neighborhood; whereby horses will be produced valuable for both use and sale; and these may often be purchased before maturity at little more than the prices of the present inferior race, while a development of their qualities will insure double the cost. And should the farmers wake up to the improvement, they must duly estimate its cause.

Another source of anticipated profit is the sale of stallions when their reputation becomes established in public favor by the excellent qualities of their stock. With this in view, it must be made a point to purchase young and uninjured horses, which will be still in the prime of life, and the freshness of their strength, when their early produce attains maturity.

In all undertakings for the public benefit, great sacrifices are frequently made in the outset; and the very perseverance under difficulties, which is incomprehensible to the vulgar mind, subjects the cause to disfavor. But nature is pervaded by a principle of compensation and adjustment more worthy to be depended on than the idle buzzings of inferior capacities. In entering upon this line of business the good opinion of the notional multitude is rejected at once:—still he who applies himself with elevated views to a calling of low repute, has—as was remarked by a gentleman of your city, who established the manufacture of poudrette—one of the sharpest spears to urge him onward;—he must succeed, or stand stigmatized for ever. In such a case, one has “passed the Rubicon,” and realizes that splendid poetical idea of “having drawn the sword and flung away the scabbard;” or the magnificent expression of the murderous aspirant’s self-discourse:—

“I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o’er.”

Having now given a glance into the subject, and, as it were, cut out the work, I purpose, after a season, to proceed desultorily with any division of the matter that may seem to require, or be worthy of, comment. And ere long we will pay a passing compliment to a department of industry which has been honored with some intimations in the “Spirit of the Times,” but seems hitherto to have singularly escaped a thorough animadversion—probably from its total unworthiness: I mean the country “stud” business, as commonly practised. Should these Notes be continued to completion, the matter of *Phrenology, applied to Breeding*, will be considered: meantime the writer, being no adept, would be glad to see essays on the subject from other sources.

G. B.

Sherbrooke, Canada East, May, 1843.

LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLE-CHASE.

THE entry for this "grand event" included a string of horses never congregated together in the palmiest days of steeple-chasing. Lottery, Peter Simple, The Returned, and Consul, were of themselves sufficient to draw a host of admirers of the sport; but when to these were added numerous other horses "well known to fame," the large concourse of spectators assembled on Aintree course was not to be wondered at. The cards of the day presented on one side the names of the horses with the colors of their riders, and on the other a map of the country, with the fences, artificial hurdles, walls, lanes, and brooks to be encountered, which varied but little from the previous occasions. One of the most formidable was a strong post-and-rail fence, of considerable height, placed before an awful-looking yawner just before arriving at Becher's Brook, which was strongly objected to by some jockies, who felt pretty certain that if they once got *in* they would not very speedily get *out*. The objection was, however, not deemed valid, and fortunately no casualty occurred there. Becher's Brook and fence were as before. The stone wall at the distance-post, within the training ground, was four feet high, lapped with turf; and opposite the winning Chair was the artificial brook, but widened from twelve to thirteen feet more than last year. On the previous evening the betting in the Rooms was very languid, but on the course, just previous to the start, it became animated, closing as follows:—3 to 1 agst. Peter Simple, who carried 5lb. extra as a penalty for winning at Hereford, making his weight 13st. 1lb.; 4 to 1 agst. Lottery, 4 to 1 agst. The Returned, 8 to 1 agst. Redwing, and long prices about the others.

The Stewards were, the Earls of Sefton and Chesterfield, and G. Payne, Esq., and Mr. Lynn, proprietor of the Royal Waterloo Hotel, was indefatigable in his exertions to keep order, clear the course, and the inclosures in front of the Grand Stand—no very easy task. The Stands were nearly all filled, and the jockies drew up in their party-colored jackets in front of the Stand at three o'clock, presenting a splendid sight. The course was the usual two-mile circle, twice round, and every field was thronged with pedestrians. At twelve minutes past three, without a single false start, off they went at the signal given by Lord Sefton, the race terminating as follows:—

A HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared on the 14th Feb., with 100 added by the Racing Committee; the owner of the second horse to have his Stake returned, and the winner to pay 10 sovs. towards the expenses; winners from the time of declaring the weights 5lb. extra.

Lord Chesterfield ns. Mr. Hassell's VANGUARD, aged, h. b., 11st. 10lb.....	Oliver.....	1
Mr. Mare's Nimrod, 11st.	Scott.....	2
Mr. Holman ns. Dragsman, h. b., 11st. 3lb.....	Crickmere...	3

The following were not placed :—Baron Rothschild's Consul, 11st. 12lb. (Oldacre); Mr. Errington ns. Goblin, aged, 11st. 6lb. (Bretherton); Mr. R. Hunter's Bucephalus, 11st. 5lb. (Whitworth); Colonel Anson's Claude Duval, 11st. 7lb. (Tomblin); Mr. W. Ekins's Peter Simple, 12st. 10lb. (and 5lb. extra—Frisby); Mr. Elmore's Lottery, aged, 12st. 6lb. (Mason); Mr. W. S. Crauford's The Returned, 12st. (Major Campbell); Lord Waterford's Redwing, aged, 11st. 10lb. (Doolan); Mr. T. Taylor's Victoria, 6 yrs. 11st. 10lb. (Taylor); Mr James Hunt's Tinderbox, 11st. 7lb. (G. Moore); Mr. Kennedy's Teetotum, 6 yrs. 11st. 7lb. (Kennedy); Hon. F. Craven ns. Croxby, 11st. 6lb. (W. M'Donough); Mr. Lamplugh's The Romp, 11st. (Hollinshead).

The following paid 10 sovs. ft. :—Mr. Ekins's The Duenna, Mr. F. Oldacre's The Tiger, Mr. A. G. Moore ns. Anonymous, Lord E. Russell's Lather, Mr. Ververs's Charity, Mr. Speed ns. Selim, Mr. Maddocks ns. Spangle, Sir J. G. Baird ns. Harrow Boy, Mr. Blackburne ns. Buffoon, Mr. Anderson's Negro, and Mr. Bradleys ns. The Page.

The following, having declared, paid 5 sovs. each :—Lord Eglinton's Robinson, Col. Thompson's Hamlet, Sir Pyers Mostyn's Seventy-four, Mr. P. Eastwood's Moderideroo, Mr. J. M. Stanley's Valentine, Mr. Lockwood's Saucepan, Mr. Bark's Vampire, Lord Sefton's Marengo, Lord Waterford's Kilmoyler, Mr. A. Davy's Sam Swipes, Hon. A. Villiers's Rebel, Sir W. Stanley's False One, Lord Macdonald's Factotum, Mr. W. H. Lewis's Tally-ho, and Mr. Ekins's Luck's-all. Lord Maidstone did not name.

Value of the Stakes, 575 sovs.

Among the distinguished company were, the Marquis of Waterford, the Earls of Caledon, Craven, and Sefton, Lords G. Bentinck, Macdonald, and Maidstone, Hon. Colonel Anson, Hon. F. Craven, Sir R. Brook, Sir J. and Lady Gerard, Sir W. W. Wynn, G. Payne, Esq. &c.

Vanguard took the lead, and at the first fence The Romp and Consul refused, the latter following suit at three others, thereby throwing him considerably in the rear. At the fifth fence, Victoria fell, and "cut her lucky." As they entered the course the first time, Vanguard still leading, Peter Simple came up, and they took the wall nearly abreast, Nimrod and The Returned following close in their wake. Tinderbox was next, but some mischance throwing him out of his stride, he came with his chest full against it, made a wide gap, and rolled down with his rider among the fragments, by which Mr. Moore's collar-bone was broken, and he was otherwise much bruised. Teetotum fell on Tinderbox, who was quickly on his legs, and went off with the others without his rider. Mr. Kennedy, however, was soon again in the saddle, and was off before Croxby and Redwing came up, these two and those in the rear passing through the gap. At the artificial brook, Peter Simple was the first over, Vanguard taking it at nearly the same moment, and all getting over (including Tinderbox) without one failure. The pace now became severe, Peter in front, but on coming to the road which separates the course from the fields, he bolted down the road, followed by Vanguard, Lottery, Goblin, and some others, who thereby lost nearly three hundred yards. Dragsman and Nimrod kept the true line, the former shortly taking the lead at a rattling pace.

Teetotum here came down again, and his career was ended. Peter and Vanguard recovered their lost ground, the position of the horses now being, Dragsman first, Vanguard second, followed by Nimrod, Peter, Lottery, and The Returned, and all the rest forming a pretty considerable tail. Croxby broke down at Becher's Brook. On coming into the course for the last time, The Returned fell at one of the drains, which threw her chance completely out. On taking the fence into the road, Dragsman swerved, and jumping obliquely over a gate on the left, fell on his nose, and threw his rider on his neck. He was soon up, however, but before Crickmere could recover his seat and bring his reins into action, he ran down the road, which gave the lead to Vanguard, who first entered the course, closely followed by Nimrod. The race now clearly remained with these two, as Peter Simple, from the pace and extra weight, was dead beat, and all the others except Dragsman seemed to deem further efforts useless. A beautiful race ensued between Vanguard and Nimrod to the last leap (a hurdle placed across the run-in,) where "the mighty hunter" fell off, and Oliver, by most beautiful riding, placed his horse first by four lengths. Just at the finish, Crickmere made a rush, and landed Dragsman close to Nimrod's haunches, shewing that he would have had no bad chance but for the mistake at the road. Consul was fourth, Goblin fifth, and Bucephalus sixth; then came Claude Duval, and the rest, after passing the hurdle, were pulled up. The race was run in $11\frac{1}{2}$ minutes.

The Champion Hurdle Race, a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10ft., with 50 added, two miles, was won in a canter by Mr Raworth's Cattonian, once a favorite for the Leger, 5 yrs, 11st. 7lb. (Bradley), beating Mr. A. Moore's Magic, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb. (Powell), and Mr. Peace's Defence, aged, 12st. 2lb. (Saunders). Mr. W. Ekins's Pitsford and Mr. Anderson's Negro paid.

The Prince of Wales's Cup, value 100gs., Gentlemen Riders, did not fill, and was scratched.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine, for April, 1843.

On Training the Race-Horse.

BY RICHARD DARVILL, VET. SURGEON.

Resumed from the May Number of the "Turf Register," page 249.

ON RIDING A FREE-GOING HORSE IN HIS SWEAT.

HAVING, in the preceding chapter, given directions for the instruction of a boy how to ride horses which require perseverance to get them along at a certain pace, I will now give the further necessary instructions for riding horses of a different description. The horse I will now make choice of for the boy to ride shall be the one described in the foregoing chapter, supposed to be sweating with the craving one. Therefore, by way of example, I will sweat the same two horses again, with only this difference—that of changing the riders; putting the boy on the kind, free runner, and the head lad on the craving one. The horses having arrived on the sweating ground, the head lad gives his orders to the boy to sit quiet, to keep a gentle pull on his horse, and to follow him. They then set their horses on their legs at a quiet, striding pace. They will most likely not have proceeded far, before the head lad, looking back, by turning his head over his shoulder (for he must not move his body on such an occasion), calls to the boy to take a gentle pull at his horse, and come up with him to his (the head lad's) horse's quarters. The head lad rates his horse a little faster, and the boy's horse, being one of a placid temper (that is, a sort of horse that will make a race with anything, as it is called), patiently waits, and retains his place without any trouble to the boy whatever. Now, to regulate the boy's temper gradually, and to bring him patient in riding a free horse, the head lad, turning his head, should talk to the boy, and point out to him the kind, easy, and free manner the horse he (the boy) is riding, goes in his sweat, compared with the craving one he himself is riding; and how necessary it is for him (the boy) to be very still and quiet on the back of such a horse; also, to observe to him that whenever he wants to make a run with his horse, he has nothing more to do than quietly to lift his hands off his horse's withers, and give him a gentle pull or two, which the horse knows (if he has been well taught as trained) is a challenge for him to make a run for the rally he can easily live in,—a sort of thing the head lad is likely to order the boy to do pretty often, to save himself the labor of persevering with his craving horse.

When these horses which I am supposed to have just ordered to sweat, come to that part of the ground from which horses are sometimes ordered to come home at a sweating pace, the head lad should order the boy again to take a pull, and come up with his

horse, head and girth, with the craving one, and wait there until he orders him to come again head and neck, or head and head. This is more for the purpose of teaching the boy how to challenge a horse to run, than the actual necessity there is for doing it to bring the craving horse through his sweat, for the head lad (if he is anything like a good one) can mostly do this himself without the boy's aid.

The horses having thus proceeded for a certain length, the head lad may order the boy again to take a pull at his horse, and go half a length in front, to give the boy an idea of making play or what is commonly called,—“cutting the work out.” But he must not be allowed to go too far in front, or he may overmark his horse. As they are concluding the sweat, the head lad should go up to the boy, make a run with him home, and finish the sweat at the usual pace, which is mostly regulated according to the state of the ground and the condition of the horses.

The boy, who by this time can ride tolerably well, is becoming very useful to the groom, who often changes him from one horse to another that is more difficult to ride. If the boy is tolerably light, and has a through knowledge of the pace which horses are at times to go in their gallops, he is frequently put to lead the gallop, and is also often put to ride such horses in their sweats as require to be resolutely persevered with to get them along.

Having been practised in this sort of riding for some time, he also begins to understand the pace horses are occasionally to be rated at in this kind of exercise; and when three or four, or half a dozen are going to sweat together, the groom, with a view of giving the boy a still better idea of the thing, is very likely to order him with a horse to go in front, and rate the others in their sweats the whole of the way home, and perhaps, on a horse the boy may not know much about with respect to his powers, either as to stoutness or speed. If the boy should not know this, he might not only overmark his own horse in the pace, but by so doing he would, in all probability, also occasion one or two of the other horses to tire in their sweats, and in coming home in finishing them, they would be quite abroad and uncollected in their stride. Some horses meeting with repetitions of this sort, will lose their tempers to a certain extent, which may be seen by their becoming alarmed when, on sweating mornings, the sweaters are being put on them.

Now, a good training groom, who has himself been brought up from his boyhood in the stables, is fully aware that those things I have mentioned may happen from the boy's making too free with a horse of which he may, as I have observed, know but little. But the groom, to prevent any thing going wrong, cautions the boy who is supposed to lead the sweat, either in the stable or as he is going along on his way to the ground. He talks to the boy much in the following style, (the sweating ground being in good order, and the horses having been for some time in strong work). Calling him by his name, or perhaps applying the more familiar epithet “boy,” he says,—“As soon as they are well on their legs and settled in their

stride, (meaning the horses,) come away with them at a fair even pace until you come to such a place, (naming some land-mark, point or object well known on the ground). As soon as you get there, take a pull at your horse, keep fast hold of his head, and come with them the whole of the way home at a good sweating pace." The groom, in concluding his orders, says,—“ Mind, boy, you do not overmark your horse :” and then he goes on to tell him how he is to proceed in order to guard against so doing. He says,—“ Be sure you do not forget, in coming along, to call sufficiently often on your horse, so as to know what he has left in him to come home with them in the last rally.”

Now, the boy we have been so long teaching to ride is fully aware of what is meant by the groom's orders, to call on his horse. Having reached that part of the ground whence he is ordered to bring them home at the pace mentioned, he takes a pull at his horse and sets him a-going (the other horses following) for whatever length he thinks proper, or rather, as he finds the pace tells on his horse. If he finds his horse goes freely, collectedly, and within himself, he lets him stride away at the pace he was ordered, if he thinks it is not too fast for the other horses ; but the moment he finds his own horse beginning to hang, or not going the pace kindly as he did at first, he quietly takes a pull and holds him together for a few strides. After which he challenges him again, by lifting up his hands and giving him a hustle or two, to ascertain whether he is slackening his pace, being rather idle, or whether the pace and the length he is going are telling on him. Now if the boy, by challenging his horse, finds that he immediately and determinedly gets at his usual stride, he thinks, or perhaps he says to himself, (in the language of the stables,) “ Oh come, he has got plenty left ; I shall hold him fast and let him go,” meaning by this, that he will keep a pretty fast hold of his horse's head, and let him go on with the pace. And if he finds the horse maintains his stride with ease to himself, he will most likely not have occasion to challenge him again until he is approaching near home, or perhaps not even then, if he finds he is going well within himself. But if he does not challenge him again, it may be necessary that he should take a quiet pull and hold him together for a few strides, that he may be well ready when called upon to make a run, and bring the whole of the horses home in concluding the sweat, at a good telling pace.

This is the mode in general practice of making play, or rating a horse, so as to run no risk of overmarking him. Only observe that some horses make more free with themselves than others in sweating and running. It is therefore necessary for a rider to challenge such horses often, (unless they are very flighty), to ascertain how much they may have left in them ; and holding them quietly together according to their mouths and manner of running, will be the means of preventing their breaking way, and overmarking or otherwise abusing themselves in their sweats, trials, or races.

In order further to instruct the boy in riding, let us suppose, by way of example, half a dozen horses of different ages under the

care of one groom, to have arrived at any place where a meeting is to be held a fortnight or three weeks prior to such meeting, at which the horses have to run over a two-mile round course. It is not customary for horses to leave the ground on which they may have been training so long previous to a meeting taking place. It is only usual, on such occasions, for the horses to take the last sweat on a course they have not run over. The object, however, for having the horses brought to a round course so long before running, is not only to show the old horses the course, but principally to teach the young ones to turn upon it, as also to instruct the young boy whom I am teaching to ride, how to make a difficult turn, or, what used to be more commonly called, "running for the turn," which is a sort of thing horses as well as boys may be practised in when they are sweating over a round course, in preference to any other way.

To arrange this matter properly, previous to the horses going out to sweat, the groom, if he is a good judge, puts the best riding boys on the young ones, to teach and regulate them judiciously at the turns. Those boys who ride moderately well will do on the old ones. As soon as the horses arrive at the sweating ground, the groom orders the boys with the young ones, to go to a certain part of the course, (what part, will depend on the length they have to sweat,) and to walk about until the other horses which have begun and have to sweat longer lengths, come to them. The young ones then follow in line as directed, the boys on them having been previously cautioned to be very careful with them at their turns, which, if they ride as they ought, they know very well how to arrange.

Now the boy I have been instructing to ride, should on his first being ordered to ride a sweat over a round course, be put to do it on an old horse—one which is known to be easy and kind at his turns, and should be placed second in the string; and to give the boy an idea how he is to make his turns, the head lad, on one of the horses, should lead the sweat, and previous to his coming to a difficult turn, which requires some caution, (otherwise it is not necessary) he should, in time, turn his head and call to the boy to follow him. The head lad should then also point out to the boy how far it is necessary for him to lay out of his ground so as to make the turn pretty close to the post without in the least altering the stride or pace of the horse. The head lad takes care to begin sufficiently early to lay his horse a little out of his ground as he is approaching the post at which he is to make the turn.

It is very necessary for a boy to know this part of riding well, in case he should be put up as a light weight to ride in a race; for if the boy properly executes a difficult turn, he is not only close to the post, but he is immediately ready, without risk or difficulty, to make a run from it, should his horse be challenged there for running by any of the party. But if the boy attempts to turn immediately at the post, he must lay some way out of his ground in doing it to make a difficult turn in this manner; the consequence of which in a race would be, that an experienced jockey, well placed, running with

him, and having made this turn well previously to his coming to the post, would not only have the opportunity of running for the turn, but in doing it, he would, if he chose, oblige the boy to lay very much out of his ground. The experienced jockey would then take a pull to set his horse a-going, would slip the boy several lengths, and would thereby most likely win the race; for as I have before observed, a length gained here may be worth five or six in straight running, if the proper advantage be taken of it.

I will just now state the advantages which may, and often have been taken by experienced jockies and which advantage the groom is very likely to explain to a good riding boy, and more particularly if he knows he shall shortly have occasion to put him up to ride a race over a round course.

The groom therefore takes an opportunity and quietly talks to the boy of what may happen in the running. If a horse bolts or lays a long way out of his ground, the groom says,—“If he is a good horse, and it is heats that you are running, the best way, if a strong field, is for two or three of you to agree to run for the heat, and distance the horse if you can. If you do not succeed, his rider will most likely have taken a good deal out of him in saving his distance. In the second heat, if it can be agreed upon, those that laid by in the first, may take him off from the post and keep at him the whole of the way home:—the others that waited in the second heat, may take him off again in the third. If he is not to be beaten by being thus run at, he proves himself to be very superior to the company he is in.”

The groom, continuing his directions to the boy, says,—“Now, if the same sort of thing should happen to you when riding a race over a round course, by your horse bolting or laying out of his ground, you must instantly pull your horse up, and get fairly, and as quick as possible, into the course again, and make all the running you can to save your distance; but never, under such circumstances, run to win. Having saved your distance, decline the heat, and pull your horse up the moment you are within the distance post, and walk him quietly to the scales to weigh. Your horse will not be much abused nor will the public know any thing about him. But now, boy, if you should be engaged to ride in a match, and the horse you are riding against should swerve, or lay a long way out of his ground, the instant you observe this, take you a pull and make strong running with your horse, until you see, by keeping your head occasionally turned, the other jockey has got his horse into the course again. Immediately you observe this, take a pull at your horse in order to ease him, and wait until the other horse, by persevering in the pace, has got nearly up to your horse's quarters. As soon as you perceive him close at hand, be you ready to take a pull and come home with your horse at his best pace. The horse that has been laying out of the ground, (if the jockey thinks he has any chance in the race), must keep his place. If he can win under the above unfavorable circumstances, he will prove himself a most extraordinary good horse, or the horse you are riding must be an extraordinary bad one.”

FASHIONABLE ENGLISH RACING STALLIONS FOR 1843.

BY Q "AT THE CORNER."

Concluded from the last number of the "Register," page 264.

MANY of my readers will recollect the Derby 1835, won by Mundig, beating Ascot, after one of the finest races ever known over the Epsom Downs, and twelve others. Amongst the beaten ones were Silenus and Ibrahim, two *crack* favorites from the nursery of poor old Edwards, and the property of Lord Jersey. During the Spring of 1835, these colts played a most profitable see-saw game in the Derby betting to those who had the "right office," for the superiority of Ibrahim over his stable companion was known only to a very select few. Ibrahim did manage to run off with some important stakes, but Silenus, if my memory does not "play me false," remained a *maiden* to his last gallop, and he ran till he was aged.

Silenus, I perceive, is either to be let or sold for the covering season; he is a chesnut horse, rather under size, was bred by Lord Jersey in 1832, got by Reveller, out of Trampoline by Tramp, grandam Web by Waxy, &c. I have been told by a very competent judge, that the stock of *Silenus*, now rising two years old, are of great size and very handsome. For price and particulars, apply to Mr. G. Scott, Bednall, near Stafford. If not disposed of, *Silenus* will serve mares at Bednall-head at 5 sovs. each thorough-bred, and 2 sovs. each half-bred. The pedigree of this stallion must get him a decent supply of mares.

There are two famous stallions standing at Bretby Park, Ashby-de-la-Zouch—Don John and Hornsea.

Don John is a bay horse, was bred by Mr. Garforth in 1835, and sold when a foal to Mr. Robert Ridsdale for 100 gs. He was afterwards sold to Lord Chesterfield for 140 gs., at the sale of Mr. Ridsdale's stud. Don John stands nearly sixteen hands high, was got by either Tramp or Waverley, out of a *Comus* mare bred by Mr. Garforth in 1820 or 1821, her dam *Marciana* by Stamford, out of *Marcia* by Coriander—Faith by Pacolet—Atalanta by Matchem—Lass-of-the-Mill by Oronoko—Old Traveller (Sister to Mr. Clark's Lass-of-the-Mill)—Miss Makeless by Young Greyhound—Old Partner—Woodcock—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Dicky Pierson—Burton Barb mare. I have been thus particular in wading through Don John's pedigree, because he unquestionably was the fastest horse of his day. He won the St. Leger, and that, too, in a canter, in less time than any other horse, viz., in *three minutes seventeen seconds*! At two years old, Don John won his three engagements very easily indeed; and at the Craven Meeting 1838, when three years old, he walked over

for the snug prize of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., four subs. At Doncaster, ridden by Wm. Scott, Don John won the St. Leger Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., sixty-six subs., beating Ion, Lanercost, Saintfoin, Cobham, Alzira, and The Hydra; 13 to 8 agst. Don John, 9 to 4 agst. Ion, 9 to 2 agst. Lanercost, 9 to 1 agst. Saintfoin, and long odds agst. any other. On the Thursday in the same meeting, he, carrying 7st. 3lb. (Nat), won the Gold Cup, value 450 sovs., given by the Stewards, with 50 sovs. added by the Corporation, for three-year-olds and upwards, from the Red House and once round, two miles and five furlongs, beating Bee's-wing, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb.; The Doctor, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb.; and Melbourne, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb.; 2 to 1 on Don John; won very easy. Don John also, at the same meeting, walked off with the Gascoigne Stakes of 100 sovs. each, 30 ft., St. Leger Course, five subs.; and finished a splendid year by walking over at Heaton Park for the St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, thirteen subs. These were his whole performances in 1838.—At the Craven meeting, 1839, Don John, then 4 yrs. old, was beaten by Grey Momus (John Day) for the Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for four-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb., the second to save his stake, T.M.M., eleven subs. Don John was second, and Alemdar third. Grey Momus won quite in a canter, much to the dismay of the Scotts. In the First Spring Meeting, Don John (H. Edwards) closed his racing career by winning the valuable Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, 100 ft., for four-year-olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb., B.C., ten subs., beating Alemdar and Morella. Don John's figure for serving mares is 15 gs. each, and one guinea to the groom. Several of the best mares of Lord Chesterfield's stud are already "booked" to this fashionable horse, who bids fair to become highly popular amongst our fancy breeders.

That celebrated runner and fine animal *Hornsea* is a worthy stable companion. *Hornsea* is a chesnut horse, was bred in 1832, got by Velocipede, out of a Cerberus mare, her dam Miss Cranfield by Sir Peter, &c. &c. Velocipede was got by Blacklock, out of a Juniper mare, and Blacklock was got by Whitelock. In the early part of the Spring of 1835, *Hornsea*, then the property of Mr. Richardson, was a prominent favorite for the Derby, but the stable (Scott's) had other *flyers* in Mundig, Coriolanus, &c., and *Hornsea* was left to be in season at Doncaster, where he ran second to the renowned Queen of Trumps for the St. Leger, beating nine others; amongst them, Preserve, Ascot, Mundig, and Sheet Anchor. At four years old, *Hornsea* proved himself one of the best horses of the year, by winning the following highly important races, and beating most of the "cracks of the day:"—the Gold Cup, value 300 sovs., with 480 sovs. in specie, at Goodwood; 290 sovs. and the King's Plate of 100 gs. at Egham; the Cup, with 200 sovs., and the King's Plate, at Newmarket. *Hornsea*, at five years old, won the Gold Cup, with 80 sovs. in specie, at Brighton; and Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs. at Egham. I entertain a very strong opinion that *Hornsea* will become one of the leading stallions of the day. Cataract, one of his sons, is a

most promising animal; and I, with many others, have made him responsible for something handsome in the coming Derby. This colt is the property of the Duke of Grafton, and consequently is in training at Newmarket under the care of Stephenson. Most of Hornsea's sons and daughters carry a strong *dash* of the Velocipede about them. Hornsea's figure for covering is unquestionably low, viz., 10 gs. each mare, and one guinea to the groom. I understand that several of the prime Newmarket mares are about to be sent to this fashionable and valuable horse. He is the property of Lord Chesterfield.

My old acquaintance *Colwick* may be found at the Dringhouses, York. He is a brown horse, was foaled in 1828, got by the celebrated Filho da Puta, out of Stella by Sir Oliver, her dam by Anvil, &c. Filho da Puta was got by Haphazard, out of Mrs. Barnet by Waxy, her dam by Woodpecker, &c. The performances of Colwick have been so frequently discussed in the pages of the "Sporting Magazine," that it would be only telling a "twice told tale" to wade through all his doings on the slippery sod: suffice it to say, that he ran against all the best horses of his time, carrying in general heavy weights, and "staying" long distances. When first put to the stud he served a few mares at one guinea each, nor was it till the appearance of Attila as a two-year-old winner, that Lord Chesterfield was aware that Colwick was worthy of some well-bred mares. Perhaps few horses have been more hardly dealt with than old Colwick. The price of covering mares is 15 gs. each, with one guinea to the groom. The gallant style in which Attila won the Derby brought Colwick from the "ranks" to a *commanding* position as a racing stallion, and I have no doubt he will be found worthy of patronage.

Mus, own brother to the late flatcatcher Rat-trap, stands at Goodwood, Sussex. He is a rich bay, with black legs, and close upon sixteen hands in height, with a capital constitution. Mus was got by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse by Godolphin—Mouse by Sir David—Louisa by Ormond, out of Orville's dam. Mus ran on till ten years old, and that alone ought to get him a fair quantity of good mares. His running, taken in a lump, will bear the "strictest investigation," and his pedigree is a good one. I need only name one exploit to prove that Mus *could* race: when eight years old, he, carrying 9st. 9lb., won the Orleans Cup, value 500 gs., two miles and three quarters, beating Hyllus, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb. Rat-trap's performances in 1837 and 1838 are too well known to all racing men, therefore I need not allude to them here—he died in the Spring of 1839. Mus is exceedingly likely to get useful stock. The figure for covering is 10 sovs. each mare. I apprehend that My Lord George Bentinck will send some of his weedy Bay Middleton mares to this useful stallion: there could scarcely be recommended a better cross. It has fallen to my lot to have witnessed most of Mus's races, and I always noticed, that if he was not the winner, he was sure to be there or thereabouts.

The Saddler is stationed at Newmarket, where he will serve

mares at 15 gs. each. He is a most beautiful brown horse, was bred by Mr. Martindale, of Chester-le-street, near Durham, in 1828, got by Waverley, out of Castrellina by Castrel, her dam by Waxy, out of Bizarre by Peruvian—Violanté by John Bull—Sister to Skyscraper by Highflyer—Everlasting by Eclipse, &c. Waverley, the sire of The Saddler, was got by Whalebone, out of Margaretta by Sir Peter, her dam Sister to Cracker by Highflyer, out of Nutcracker by Matchem. Here we find the blood of Eclipse, Highflyer, and Matchem, most happily blended; it would indeed have been strange if The Saddler could not race!—At two years old (1830) The Saddler ran well up in the old Two-year-old Stakes at Doncaster, won by Circassian. In the same year, The Saddler, the property of Mr. Skipsey, won a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, eleven subs, at Northallerton, once round the course, beating Lady Fractious and seven others very cleverly. In May, 1831, The Saddler, then three years old, won the St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each at the York Spring Meeting, one mile and three quarters, beating Roubilliac, Clarence, and four others; won in good style. At the same meeting, The Saddler won the Shorts, beating Chorister somewhat easily; distance one mile. At the York August Meeting, when rather short of work, The Saddler won the 30 sovs. each Sweepstakes, 10 ft., last mile and a quarter, beating Lady Elizabeth, Brother to Tarrare, and four others; won with something to spare. In consequence of these excellent performances, and the breaking down of Riddlesworth, The Saddler became the leading favorite for the Great St. Leger at Doncaster, for which race he was defeated by a head only *by John Day*, on Chorister; he beat Liverpool, Colwick, and a large field of horses. Every racing man knows full well that The Saddler ought to have won, but John Day's fine riding was more than a match for the slovenly setting-to of Nicholson, even at *seven pounds*, which was about the superiority of The Saddler over Chorister on the day, according to one of our keenest handicappers of that time. At the same meeting, then the property of Richardson, Wagstaff, and Co., The Saddler won the Doncaster Gold Cup for three-year-olds and upwards, two miles and five furlongs, beating Emancipation, Rowton, Maria, Birmingham, and several others: won in a canter. These were the whole of The Saddler's performances up to 1832. It is scarcely fair to go into The Saddler's performances after three years old, for perhaps no animal was more abused since racing has become fashionable. One race, however, I will just touch upon, and a memorable one too! A match was made for 500 sovs. each, *all the money*, between Mr. Wagstaff's The Saddler, 8st. 12lb., and Mr. Henry's Protocol, 8st. 1lb., A. F., Newmarket Craven Meeting 1832. The very excellent running of The Saddler at three years old induced the public to back him heavily in this match, and it was found advisable to "change tact" and play what is called a "safe game." On the morning of the race two or three of the speculators came out at 6 and 7 to 4 on Protocol, which they increased to 3 and 4 to 1 (!), much to the astonishment of The Saddler's country backers. When the horse

shewed, it was clear enough that he had been "ill-used," and almost any odds might have been obtained. Two *Legs*, now no more, put the steam on tremendously against The Saddler, who, thanks to Connelly's fine riding, and the honesty of the blood of Waverley, *won by a head*. Never were such faces seen before! Poor Bland looked as "sharp as a rat in vinegar;" Frank Richardson swore "great guns;" while Wagstaff, &c., were glad to hide their "*diminished heads*." It was a glorious triumph, and poor Connelly proved that he was not to be bought. The stock of The Saddler are amazingly racing-like, and the names of the following will prove him to be one of the best stallions of the day: The Provost, The Shadow, The Currier, The Squire, Currycomb, The Artful Dodger, The Duke of Wellington, The-Devil-among-the-Tailors, Lasso, &c. Mares, more remarkable for *speed* than *stoutness*, of the Velocipede, Sultan, or any other *dashing* blood, ought to be sent to The Saddler.

The article in your December Number on "Mr. Theobald's Stud at Stockwell" [see pp. 73-7 February Number of the "Turf Register"] makes it necessary only for me to observe that *Camel's* price of covering mares during the season is 25 gs., and one guinea to the groom; *Muley Moloch*, 15 gs., and one guinea; *Laurel*, 12 gs., and one guinea. These stallions are of our most approved blood.

The Marquis of Exeter has no fewer than four stallions standing at Burghley House; viz., Hetman Platoff, Troilus, Alemdar, and Galipoli.

Hetman Platoff, of course, is the *lion* of the lot; he is a bay horse, was foaled in 1836, got by Brutandorf, out of Don John's dam by Comus (see Don John's pedigree). When three years old Hetman Platoff, then the property of Mr. Bowes, won the St. Leger Stakes of 380 sovs. at the Liverpool July Meeting, and 130 sovs. at the York August Meeting. Owing to these victories (and he won with the greatest possible ease), Hetman Platoff became a prominent favorite in the betting for the Doncaster St. Leger, for which race the Scotts preferred standing upon Charles the Twelfth, who it will be remembered won by a head after a dead heat with Euclid—Hetman Platoff did not run; if he had, he must have won. At four years old, Hetman Platoff won as follows:—£95 at Ascot; the Northumberland Plate of £595 at Newcastle; the Wolverhampton Stakes of £640, and the Gold Cup, with 80 added, at Wolverhampton; and closed his racing career at the Warwick September Meeting, by breaking down in running a dead heat with Glenlivat for the Leamington Stakes; Hetman Platoff, 4 yrs., carrying 9st. 8lb., and Glenlivat, 4 yrs., 7st.!—That Hetman Platoff was the best four-year-old of 1840, few I fancy will be disposed to question, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Bowes should have run him, as he in truth did, to such great disadvantages as regarded *weight*. The Marquis of Exeter has acted wisely in hiring this valuable stallion, for he must improve the stock of the Burghley establishment, which has been of late sadly on the wane. The price of covering is 20 gs. each

mare, and one guinea to the groom. I am exceedingly partial to the Brutandorf blood.

Troilus is a well-bred stallion, being got by Priam (winner of the Derby 1830), out of Green Mantle (winner of the Oaks 1829). Green Mantle was one of the speediest two-year-olds known of late years; she was got by Sultan, out of Dulcinea by Cervantes, &c. *Troilus* by no means disgraced the aristocratic blood that flowed in his veins, for he ran exceedingly well at three years old, beating several of the "clippers," and running the best horses of the day "closely" home. It is recorded in the Racing Calendar that *Troilus* won as follows in 1837:—the Tuesday's Riddlesworth of £1300, the Column Stakes of £600, £525, and the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of £550, all at Newmarket. *Troilus* was bred by Lord Exeter in 1834, and the few of his stock that have met my eye induce me to suppose that he will become a leading stallion, the more so because old Priam is still in America. *Troilus* is a nice bay, and of goodly size.

Alemdar was bred by Lord Exeter in 1835, got by Sultan, out of Marinella by Soothsayer, &c. I cannot say anything in praise of this stallion as a racer; indeed his running was below mediocrity.

Galipoli was also bred by the Noble Marquis in 1836. He was got by Sultan, out of Velvet by Oiseau, &c. Like *Alemdar*, *Galipoli*'s character will not be improved by a reference to the Racing Calendar. The price of serving mares is arranged thus: *Troilus*, 15 gs., and one guinea to the groom; and *Alemdar* and *Galipoli*, 5 gs. each, with 10s. to the groom. I should heartily rejoice to see the Marquis of Exeter's delicate colors—"light blue, narrow white stripe, and black cap,"—once again in the ascendant; indeed it is painful to see so good and popular a Sportsman as the Noble Marquis with such wretched luck.

Beiram, the petted one of 1832, is at Newmarket, where he will serve mares at 10 gs. each, with one guinea to the groom. *Beiram* was foaled in 1829, got by Sultan, out of Miss Cantley by Stamford (Sister to Burleigh), out of a Mercury mare, her dam by Herod, out of Young Hag by Skim. *Beiram*'s first appearance was at Ascot Heath in 1831, on Tuesday, where he ran second to Colonel Peel's Archibald for a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft., beating Non Compos and five others. He also, at the same place, on the Thursday following, won a Stake of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., beating Non Compos, Archibald (3lb. extra), and five others. At the Newmarket July Meeting, *Beiram* won the July Stakes, beating Non Compos, Emiliana, Destiny, and three others; and concluded his two-year-old performances by winning the Prendergast Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., twenty-six subs., beating Lord Lowther's Scuffle and two others whose names I have forgotten: almost any odds on *Beiram*. With such a character for speed and stoutness, it is not to be wondered that *Beiram* became a rattling favorite for the Derby 1832, and perhaps more money was betted on that race than on any of its previous brethren. The Newmarket Spring Meetings of that eventful year told us that the

wiry little Beiram had not trained on well, and the poor figure he cut in the Derby race (St. Giles was the winner *easily*) sufficiently proved that he was dead amiss. I remember his race at Goodwood against the celebrated Priam for the Gold Cup in the same year, and I can safely say that I never saw a more beautiful contest, Priam winning in the end by a short head, Beiram second. From some cause or another the Beiram stock have not raced well, although many of the Duke of Portland's and the Marquis of Exeter's best mares have been sent to him. Beiram is a rich chesnut, with three white legs, and a very good specimen of an English thorough-bred stallion.

That superb stallion *Voltaire* will be "at home" during the season at Mr. Smallwood's, Middlethorpe, near York. *Voltaire*, a beautiful brown horse, was foaled in 1826, got by Blacklock, out of a Phantom mare. At two years old, *Voltaire* won all his races in prime style, beating most of the best youngsters in the North. At three years old he won the "Shorts" at the York Spring Meeting so cleverly, that John Day declared he was one of the most splendid *goers* he had ever ridden, and honest John is known to be a good judge. I am one of those—and I am only one in thousands—who firmly believe that *Voltaire* would have carried off the St. Leger at Doncaster in 1829, if he had been properly managed. Why Sam Chifney thought fit to lie so much out of his ground, during the early part of the race, has all along been out of the range of my ability to fathom: but that he lost the race by so doing is pretty generally admitted. Tommy Lye, on the Thursday, knew the capabilities of *Voltaire* better, and won the Cup in the easiest style conceivable, beating all the best horses of the year. Owing to an accident, *Voltaire* never ran after he was three years old. The price of covering mares is 15 gs. each, with one guinea to the groom; any nobleman or gentleman sending five mares will have one covered *gratis*. The stock of *Voltaire* are, with scarcely an exception, amazingly fine, and, from what I can learn at head quarters, there seems no doubt that this handsome descendant of the celebrated Blacklock will have a capital season. Among many others got by *Voltaire* that have proved themselves runners of note may be named the following: Henriade, Slashing Harry, Alzira, Conservative, The Cowboy, The Black Prince, The Dean, Harpurhey, Charles the Twelfth (winner of the St. Leger in 1839, also of many other important races), Viceroy, Fair Louisa, Thirsk, Yorkshire Lad (winner of the July Stakes at Newmarket 1840, and died shortly afterwards), Escort, Henri Quatre, Heslington, Jack Sheppard, and The Oneida Chief. I entertain the greatest respect for the blood of *Voltaire*.

That popular favorite *Sheet Anchor* is stationed at Rawcliffe, two miles and a half from York, where he will serve mares, thorough-bred at 10 gs.; half-bred at half-price. *Sheet Anchor*, a dark-brown horse, was foaled in 1832, got by the famous Lottery out of Morgiana by Muley—Miss Stephenson by Scud or Sorcerer—Sister to Petworth by Precipitate—Woodpecker—Sister

to Juniper by Snap—Young Marske's dam, &c. Sheet Anchor won the Colt Sapling Stakes in the York Spring Meeting 1835; ran well up in the St. Leger race, won by The Queen of Trumps, Hornsea second; and won the Gold Cup at Lincoln. In the following Spring he won the Portland Handicap at Newmarket in an Eclipse-like style, beating several known good runners. So easy indeed was this race won, that his owner, Mr. Cookes, made certain of winning the Ascot Cup, but somehow the horse went suddenly amiss the day before the meeting, and he could never be brought again in racing trim. Sheet Anchor's performances were confined to these four races, therefore his stay on the Turf was short indeed. He is the sire of Arcanus, Ben Brace, Flying Gib, Kedge (the best two-year-old of 1840), Sally, Timoleon, Cable, Egedia, Wee Pet (a good two-year-old runner of last season), Topsail, Tripoli, &c. Information may be derived by writing to J. Bateson, stud-groom, Rawcliffe, York.

Elis is, as usual, to be met with at Wilton House, Salisbury. *Elis* is a light chesnut horse of fine symmetry, was foaled in 1833, got by Langan out of Olympia, &c.—In 1835, *Elis*, then two years old, ridden by John Day, won the Chesterfield Stakes at the Newmarket July Meeting, beating rather cleverly Mr. Chifney's Brother to Glaucus (nine pounds extra), Corunna, Tom Beazely, colt by Velocipede out of Dahlia, Alfred, Sister to Zulima, St. Luke, Kitty of Coleraine, Ethiopian, The Professor, El Pastor, and Mena: the betting was 4 to 1 agst. *Elis*.—At Goodwood, in the same year, he won the Molecombe Stakes, carrying 8st. 10lb. (Nat). beating Havildar, 8st. 5lb., and Skirmisher. 8st. 5lb.: won in a canter.—At the Second October Meeting in the same year, *Elis* (John Day) won the Clearwell Stakes in good style, beating Marmalade, Slane, Redshank, St. Luke, Alfred, and several others: 3 to 1 was laid agst. *Elis*.—Two days afterwards, he ran second to the Duke of Grafton's Alumnus for the Prendergast Stakes, beating three or four others; 5 to 4 on *Elis*.—In the Houghton Meeting, also in the same year, *Elis*, at 8st. 10lb. (John Day), won the Criterion Stakes, beating Slane, 8st. 3lb., Mr. Waggs, 8st. 3lb., and several others; and on the following Thursday he walked over for a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., Ab. M., twenty subs.—The amount of *Elis*'s winnings at two years old was £3465.—In 1836, *Elis*, then three years old, ridden by John Day, ran Bay Middleton (Robinson) to a head in the race for the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, beating four others "clean off:" betting, 6 to 4 on Bay Middleton, and 5 to 2 agst. *Elis*; a prodigious betting race, and won with the greatest difficulty.—At Goodwood, *Elis* (J. Day) won the Drawing Room Stakes of 25 sovs. each, in a canter by three lengths, beating Magician, Esmeralda, Sepoy, Toga, Havildar, Helga, and The Drummer: betting, 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on *Elis*.—At the same Meeting, he ran a capital second to Hornsea for the Goodwood Cup, beating Bamfylde, Rockingham, and six others: betting, 5 to 4 on Hornsea, 7 to 4 agst. *Elis* (taken), 6 to 1 agst. Rockingham, and very long odds agst. any other.—On the same day, *Elis*, at 8st. 13lb. (John Day), won the Racing Stakes of 50

sovs. each, p. p., beating *The Drummer*, 8st. 7lb., and *Taglioni*, 8st. 4lb.: almost any odds on *Elis*, who won as he pleased.—At *Lewes*, *Elis*, carrying 8st. 3lb. (*John Day*), won the *Lewes Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, with 100 added, one mile and a half, forty-four subs., twenty-four of whom paid only 5 sovs. each, beating *Hock*, 3 yrs., 6st, 10lb; *Olympic*, 5 yrs., 8st. 1lb.; *Rockingham*, 6 yrs., 9st. 11lb.; and five others: won very cleverly.—At *Doncaster*, *Elis* won the *St. Leger Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., seventy-five subs., beating *Scroggins*, *Bee's-wing*, *Snyders*, *Locomotive*, *The Carpenter*, *Redshank*, *Wedge*, *Trapball*, *The Bard*, *Vulture*, *The Black Diamond*, *Carew*, and *Ebberston*: *John Day* rode *Elis*, and won quite in a canter: a great betting race.—At the *Newmarket First October Meeting*, *Elis* was again beaten by *Bay Middleton* (*Robinson*) for the *Grand Duke Michael Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, p. p.; and in the *Houghton Meeting* he closed the year by running a dead heat with *Mr. Waggs* for the 200 sovs. each *Sweepstakes*, h. ft., A. F.: *Elis*, 8st. 7lb., was ridden by *John Day*; *Mr. Waggs*, 7st. 13lb., by *A. Pavis*; *Muezzin*, 7st. 9lb., was third; *Elis* the favorite at odds.—At four years old, *Elis* closed his racing career by beating *Slane* in a Match at the *Newmarket Craven Meeting 1837*: *Elis* carried *John Day*, 8st. 7lb.; *Slane*, *Pavis*, 8st.: *Elis* the favorite.—The price of covering is 20gs. each mare and one guinea to the groom: the number is limited to forty, exclusive of those of his owner, and subscribers names will be received at the office of Messrs. *Weatherby*, or through the stud-groom, *Wilton House*, *Wilton*, near *Salisbury*.—The stock of *Elis* strongly resemble their sire, and the following have run decently:—*Passion*, *Eleus*, *Vitula*, and *Lucy Banks*.—The *Duke of Richmond* has a smart *Elis* colt in the coming *Derby* named *Cornopeon*, which has been heavily backed to win at odds varying from 50 to 66 to 1; this colt is in the *Two Thousand Guineas Stakes*.

Tamworth, by *Outlaw* (Son of *Muley*) out of *Caution*, The *Dey of Algiers*' dam, will serve mares this season at *Mr. Snewing's*, veterinary surgeon, *Rugby*; blood-mares 5gs. each, half-bred 2½gs., and 5s. to the groom. *Tamworth* was bred by *Mr. E. Peel* in 1831; he is a chesnut horse of great power and fine action, and as a racer *Tamworth* performed well.—I will take his *doings* in 1836, when five years old, as a criterion of his prowess on the turf:—at *Chester*, he won the *Tradesmen's Plate* of 530 sovs., beating a very large Field of respectable horses; at *Wolverhampton*, he won 355 sovs. and the *Gold Cup*, with 40 added; at *Warwick*, he won 60 sovs.; at *Shrewsbury*, he carried away the *Gold Cup*, with 30 added; and closed the year at *Walsall* by winning 70 sovs.—The lowness of the price is sure to get *Tamworth* a fairish supply of country-mares. Good accommodation for mares and foals at the usual prices.

Lanercost, by *Liverpool* out of *Otis* by *Bustard*, &c., may be seen at *Mr Kirby's*, *Murton*, near *York*, where he is advertised to serve mares at 15gs. each.—The deeds of this truly celebrated racer are so well known that it would appear tedious to the rea-

der to recapitulate the many splendid achievements gained by this noble animal. This being his first season, several influential breeders have been anxious to send mares to Lanercost, and the consequence is that Mr. Kirby will find this admirable stallion a profitable speculation. All I can say is, that the breeders of racing stock are deeply indebted to Mr. Kirby for the very liberal sums given for our most approved and fashionable blood, and also for the enterprise he has shown in furnishing the foreign market with our spare stock at very liberal figures.

The Prime Warden stands at Berry Hill Farm, also at the Penk Hall Farm, Stoke-upon-Trent, near Newcastle, Staffordshire, where he will "receive visits" from thorough-bred mares during the season at 10gs. each, 10s. the groom, and half-bred 3gs. and 5s. the groom. *The Prime Warden* is a beautiful bay with black legs, stands sixteen hands in height, was foaled in 1834, got by Cadland (winner of the Derby in 1828) out of Zarina by Morisco, grandam Ina by Smolensko, her dam Morgiano by Coriander out of Fanny by Highflyer, &c.—*The Prime Warden* ran thrice at two years old; viz. second to Chit-chat at Manchester: won at Wolverhampton, beating colt by Priam out of Idalia, Metal, and Subaltern, ran second to Obadiah at Warwick.—At three years old, he ran "excellently well;" to wit: won the St. Leger and St. Helen's Purse at Newton, and the St. Leger and Foal Stakes at Wolverhampton.—I remember backing *The Prime Warden* to some amount for the Doncaster St. Leger, and it is not quite clear to me that but for his leg giving way—I fancy occasioned by *Epirus's faux pas*—I should have won my money. As it was, *The Prime Warden* shewed great speed and gameness, by running *well up to the finish*.—The admirers of the blood of the justly celebrated Cadland, whose performances in 1828, and two following years, all racing men know, cannot do better than send a fashionable mare or two to his son, *The Prime Warden*, whose stock, the few that have crossed my eye, are exceedingly fine and racing-like. I have been told by an excellent judge that W. T. Copeland, Esq., M. P., has some splendid specimens of young blood stock by this valuable animal. Any other particulars may be gained by addressing Mr. G. Hemmings, Berry Hill Farm, Stoke-upon-Trent.

The horse that caused so much mischief in *The Prime Warden's* Leger race, *Epirus*, may be found at Mr. Potterton's Farm, Pitsford, four miles from Northampton. *Epirus*, a chesnut horse, was foaled in 1834, got by Langar out of Olympia, and is of course own Brother to Elis. I know a gentleman who commenced backing *Epirus*, and followed it up to a "pretty cost," for it was not until the Doncaster Meeting 1838, that *Epirus* threw off the maiden. Somehow or another every course seemed a little too long for him, or, in other words, he was at all times a bad finisher. When six years old, he seemed to have "brushed up" a little, for the Calendar informs us that he won as follows: the Stewards' Cup, value 300 sovs., with 220 in specie, at Goodwood; the Copeland Stakes of 860 sovs. at the Pottery Meeting; Her Majesty's Plate of 100gs. and 65 sovs. at Lincoln; and Her Majesty's Plate of

100gs. at Nottingham. Of course every one would prefer sending a mare to Elis, notwithstanding the difference in the price of covering, one at 20gs., and the other at half that sum.

The Doctor, another of the 1837 Leger horses, is in the market as a stallion. He is at Manchester. The Doctor is a black horse, was foaled in 1834, got by Dr. Syntax, dam by Lottery, grandam Elizabeth by Walton, &c. The Doctor ran three races at two years old, viz.: third to *Henriade* at Newcastle: won 60 sovs. at Richmond, beating Elizabeth, filly by *Actæon* out of *Giglet*, *Golden Drop*, and *Sadek*: also won 85 sovs. at Carlisle, beating Lord Kelbourne's colt by Albany and Mirza. The subsequent running of The Doctor was very good indeed.—The price of covering is 10gs. each mare, the groom's fee included. The blood of this fine horse is most fashionable, and I feel pretty certain that his stock will turn out to advantage.

Slane and *Ion* are quartered at Hampton Court, where they will remain during the season. *Slane* is a magnificent creature, in color a beautiful bay, was bred in 1833, got by Royal Oak out of Minister's dam by Orville, &c.—As a runner, *Slane's* performances are singularly unequal: in some instances he beat most of the best horses of the day, and in others he got defeated quite easy by inferior *tits*. The grand event of *Slane's* racing career was his winning the splendid Shield, given by Lord George Bentinck, at the Goodwood races in 1837; the race was won quite in a canter, and the Field was strong not only in point of number but also in quality. *Slane* was a rattling favorite for the Derby in 1836, and it was currently reported that he was the only animal in that race that poor old Edwards was afraid of: the fear was needless, for Bay Middleton won in a common canter; *Slane* was about fourth. All the young stock by this valuable stallion that have fallen under my observation are, without a single exception, remarkably fine, muscular, and racing-like animals. There are five colts by *Slane* in the next Derby, of which number Murat, St. Valentine, and Captain Cook have been extensively backed by different excellent judges. Colonel Peel, than whom no one is more *au fait* in turf matters, stands to win an immense Stake on Murat, and I am happy in saying that I have thrown my "feather" into the same boat.—*Slane's* price of covering is 15gs. each mare, and one sov. to the groom.

Ion is a smart brown stallion, was foaled in 1835, got by Cain out of Margaret by Edmund, &c.—*Ion* raced very tolerably at two years old: viz., was second to Mecca for the July Stakes; also second to Anchorite (carrying 4lb. extra) for the Chesterfield Stakes at the Newmarket July Meeting: won the Clearwell Stakes of 850 sovs. in the Second October Meeting, beating the following *dons*—Paganini (in the same Stable), Saintfoin, Mecca, Romania, Grey Momus, Bamboo, and Anchorite: and finished the year (1837) by running a good third to D'Egville, giving him *seven pounds*; Romania was second.—At three years old, *Ion* was a great favorite with the Newmarket people for the Derby, but Amato proved one too many on the grand day: nevertheless Colonel Peel's

horse ran very well indeed. I have no doubt that Amato, notwithstanding what was held to the contrary at the time, was one of the best sons of Velocipede, and it is to be regretted that he did not run after his glorious Derby victory. There was always something singularly *spellish* about poor Arthur Pavis, for no jockey within my recollection ever came second in great races oftener than he. There he was again second to Don John for the St. Leger. It must be candidly confessed that Don John was a more speedy animal than Ion, but it is a fine feather in the cap of the gallant Colonel's horse to be recorded second in the fastest Leger ever run, and Lanercost in the field. I should imagine that Ion will get some of our best brood mares sent to him; his price, taking everything into consideration, may be considered low, namely 10 gs., with 10s. to the groom. I can particularly recommend any of our country breeders, when they pay the "little village" a visit, to "run down to Hampton Court" for half a day.

I have by no means exhausted my "note-book," but fearing to draw this article to an unseemly length, I intend to withdraw until next Spring, when I may once more offer some remarks on the Racing Stallions of the season 1844.

In bringing these observations to a conclusion, I cannot do better than furnish the reader with a list of the celebrated Racing Stallions which have emigrated to other lands during the last ten or a dozen years:—

Abbas Mirza, Augustus, Bizarre, Belshazzar, Beggarman, Coriolanus, Cadland, Chateau Margaux, Crutch (died on his passage to Germany), Cetus, Coronet, The Colonel, Dangerous (winner of the Derby 1833), Erymus, Emancipation, Exile, Glencoe, Helenus, Hokee-Pokee, Incubus, Louthembourg, Lottery, Lapdog, Luzborough, Middleton (winner of the Derby in 1825), Maresfield, Margrave (winner of the St. Leger in 1832), Mussulman, Nonplus, Priam (winner of the Derby in 1830), Physician, Revenge, Riddlesworth, Rubini (winner of the Goodwood Cup in 1833), Rockingham (winner of the St. Leger in 1833), Sarpedon, Sir Benjamin, St. Nicholas, Saracen, Tranby, Tarrare (winner of the St. Leger in 1826), Trustee, Vanish, Valparaiso, Vagabond, Windcliffe, and Zinganee.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for April, 1813.

HOW DOGS FOR THE GUN SHOULD BE TREATED.

BY AN A. M. OF CAMBRIDGE.

I HAVE almost invariably found that a gentleman who has several keepers and a kennel full of dogs, is more inefficiently served than one who can only keep a very limited number, and which are, perhaps, under the care of a strapper or stable-boy. There are sufficient reasons for this. In the one case the gentleman *trusts* to his orders being attended to, in the other he *sees* that they are obeyed. It is not necessary, however, for a gentleman, in order to have his dogs properly looked after, to superintend the drudgery of the kennel; but when he orders his keeper (if he takes this trouble) to see that his dogs get fresh straw once a week—to put rock sulphur into their water-trough—to exercise them regularly for an hour or two daily—to have the potatoes or vegetables well mashed in their “sop”—to be careful that no raw vegetables, pieces of cork, refuse of artichokes, or, in short, anything that even the stomach of a dog will not digest, is put into it, he will find that unless he frequently goes himself to ascertain that everything in the kennel is in proper order, and occasionally superintends the feeding when he is least expected, that his orders will be very imperfectly attended to, and, consequently, that his dogs will be in a much worse condition than they otherwise might have been in.

Where there are a quantity of dogs, there is also, in all probability, less care taken about their selection, or crossing with the best breeds; there is always less attention paid to the rearing and training of the puppies; and there must be less work for the dogs, consequently they have less experience in the field.

Depend upon it, therefore, it is a very mistaken notion to suppose that you are more likely to ensure having good dogs by keeping a quantity; and if a prize was given for the best pointer or setter in Great Britain, I am much mistaken if it would be gained by any of the large kennels; but I think it would more probably be awarded to some gentleman of moderate means who kept but a few dogs, priding himself on their being right good ones, himself superintending their management, as he thoroughly appreciated their value.

The reduction of the kennel implying, of course, a reduction of “the allowance” for keep, will not be relished by the keeper, who generally calculates on making a nice little perquisite of it *in an honest way*. When the family are from home, it is customary for keepers to collect all the carcasses they can, of animals that have died—horses, cows, sheep, or lambs, in spring, &c., and appropriate “the allowance,” or the greater part of it, to their own use. If they do not give the dogs putrid, or too salt meat (which I have known done), the fare is not bad for them, and indeed improves their “sop.”

The requisite number of dogs (setters or pointers) *for one shooter* I should say, need never exceed two couple; and, except at the very

commencement of the season, he will not find use in so many ; but he will then find the advantage of a fresh couple of dogs towards the end of the day, when his others are getting fagged.

You should always shoot over the same dogs, and on no account allow any one else to take them out. In this way, you and your dogs will very soon thoroughly understand one another.

The simplest, and I think the best, construction of a kennel is that like an inverted cart-shed :—the back part from four to five feet high, and the front from ten to twelve, so that there is no risk of crushing your hat every time you enter it. It may be divided into as many kennels as required, each with its separate court, and all opening into one another for convenience. I would recommend a brick *pavement*, rather than the common brick, for it fits better, looks better, is easier washed, and dries sooner from being so thin. They are generally got about a foot square, I think ; but I dare say they may be got any size, and an inch or two thick. If the kennel is necessarily in a damp situation (which should be avoided if possible), the court will be kept drier by building the wall in which the railing is fixed with bricks placed end to end, and thus leaving holes like pigeon-holes for the air to circulate. The court should always be kept nicely gravelled. The water-trough should never be without a piece of rock sulphur in it. Once a week the dogs should get fresh straw. In going into the kennel at any time, do not stand with the door partially open, as if you were just tempting the dogs to come out, but always throw it *wide open*, and, if the dogs make the attempt, tramp on their toes ; and if any one of them should pass you, don't fluster yourself about catching it, but coolly take it by the ear, when you can conveniently get hold of it, and throw it into the kennel with a crack of the whip at its tail. By this means the dogs will very soon not dare to venture out without permission, and you will not be plagued, every time you go into the kennel, to keep them in.

If salt was always put into the "sop," it would be found that the dogs would both thrive better on it, and be less infested with worms. Care should also be taken to keep out of it everything unwholesome, such as raw vegetables, the entrails of fowls, &c. ; and particular attention should be paid to washing the potatoes, otherwise they may be seen after passing through the animal's system quite indigested. The quantity of meat a dog should be allowed ought not to be measured by his voracity, but his condition. The best recipe for having any animal in good condition is "plenty of work." At feed, the dogs should always be drafted, as they draft hounds : by this means they both answer to their names more readily, and, by not being allowed to feed till called, they learn a lesson of obedience and self-control every day.

In summer, when the kennel is infested with fleas, the dogs are better without straw ; but if the bog-myrtle* grows within reach, a bedding of it will put these troublesome vermin to the rout. You may also get rid of them by smoking the kennel occasionally. Dogs at this season should be washed with soap and water every week which will effectually kill every flea on their bodies. They should,

* Called, in Scotland, "gall."

also, in warm weather, be bathed regularly every day, getting a long swim, if near where there is plenty of water. They are naturally of a very hot temperament, as their skins are not porous, like most other animals, but they emit all this perspiration at the mouth. A swim, therefore, is the very life of them, only care should be taken not to put a dog into the kennel till quite dry ; for the consequences of not attending to this are frequently mange, or some other of those cutaneous diseases to which all dogs are so liable.

Too much care cannot be taken to prevent ticks getting a settlement in the kennel. If they once get fairly established, I know of no way of getting rid of them, and I have tried all sorts of plans—pouring boiling water over the kennel—washing it with unslaked lime, &c. &c., which, no doubt, kills those it comes over, but they get so insinuated into every chink and crevice of the wood or stone, that I believe the only cure is at once to pull down the kennel, and to be careful to *use none of the old materials for the new one.** Strict injunctions should be given to have every tick picked off the dogs as they appear, and they should be carefully examined when hunting in wood, and especially *heather*, otherwise the kennel may very soon be infected with them. When they are too numerous or small on a dog to be picked off, a rubbing of sweet oil will kill them.

Have always few, significant, and sounding calls for your dogs, such as “back !” “down !” “heed !” and do not confuse them by using other words for the same thing.

Don't accustom your dogs to require much speaking to. A dog may be taught to obey a whisper (all my retrievers do) ; but, if a man keeps hollowing or whistling to them as if he was scaring crows off a corn-field, they will never think it necessary to obey till they see him beginning to wax wrathful.

If there is occasion to whip a dog (and the less of the whip the better), always lay hold of it. There is nothing worse than aiming a random slash ; and it is from this cause, or from allowing the dog to run away before matters have been made up with him after chastisement, that many a good one contracts the abominable fault of keeping his distance when he behaves ill, one of those “*natural defects*” which the keeper, no doubt, will tell you *he has been at infinite pains to break him of.*

Dogs should be rubbed down with a wisp of straw after hunting, as horses are, and they would last as long again, and be in better condition, than when left with all the mud and dirt to harden on their bodies. Five minutes of a boy's time would suffice for this.

If a keeper is not well aware that he is looked after in such particulars, you may just as soon expect a covey of partridges, or a pack of grouse, to obey the dog-call, as that he will pay the slightest attention to your injunctions. And if such simple means

* I have heard of stables having to be pulled down on account of ticks, but I would advise any gentleman to think twice before he resorts to such an extremity. A friend of mine has a stable, which he erected at some thousand pounds' expense, which is quite infested with them ; and, whenever a horse is put into a fresh stall, it is very soon all over lumps (for they do not stick on a horse as they do on a dog), but after a week or a fortnight they never trouble it. The only reason I can give for this is, that the urine of the horse drives them off. But when the horse is removed, they are as thick as ever in he stall.

as these will prevent a dog from being subject to innumerable ailments, which, though not very perceptible to a casual observer, will still be found to be prejudicial both to its travel and scent, and more especially its lastingness, besides having it in working condition at an age when dogs have generally become unfit for work, no one who places any value on his dogs would neglect to pay this attention to them. There is no dog like a cunning old one for getting game, and every person who has shot much must have regretted that they generally "go" just when they are brought to perfection. Every year, therefore, which you can add to their lives, is well worth the care and attention which may have been bestowed in securing it.

As a thorough amateur of the trigger, I speak feelingly in behalf of my canine friends. Some of the pleasantest of my sporting rambles have been with my gun; and not the least agreeable of my companions have been—why should I be ashamed to own it?—my dogs. No one can have a just conception of the fine and varied scenery of Scotland, who has not diverged far from the public road. The Scottish tourist need not deviate from the common route to gratify his taste for scenery; but the choicest landscapes of lovely Caledonia seem as if they were set apart from the general show, to be inspected only by those who have taste or enterprise enough to visit them. When resting myself and my spaniels, during the heat of the day, on the brow of a hill overhanging one of those romantic glens peculiar to that part of Scotland where, during the grouse season, I had been accustomed to shoot—the base fringed, at intervals, with natural alder or birch—a stream meandering down the glen, the green spots of cultivation on either side of it contrasting with the deep hue of the purple, or, more advanced in the season, the brown heath on the hill's side, its broad gravel banks giving sufficient indication that the "wimplin' burn," though now decked in its summer dress, can, like many a ball-room Miss, assume, upon occasions, a very different aspect—the shepherd's hut in a secluded curve of the glen, and miles distant from any other human habitation, on one side, the rick of meadow hay, the winter's keep for a cow, on the other, the few peat stacks to cheer the lonely hearth—the outlet of the glen gradually widening to the entrance, till it opens on a fine expanse of water, with a back-ground of bold and rugged mountains, my very dogs seem pleased, because their master was. A taste for sport does not necessarily imply a distaste for books; but I could tell the pedant that, in scenes like these, "from Nature's page," he might learn as wholesome lessons as any that books can teach him.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

How sweet the lore which nature brings!—
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things—
We murder to dissect."

London Sporting Review for April, 1843.

SIR G. HEATHCOTE'S RACING ESTABLISHMENT.

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

THE very popular name of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and those favorite colors, "crimson, and grey cap," are so associated with the *crack* Epsom events, that a few observations on the present Durdans Stud cannot fail to prove interesting. Every one remembers the glorious Derby of 1838, when Amato, at 30 to 1 against, "cut into ribands" a splendid-looking field of twenty-two, amongst them Ion, Grey Momus, Cobham, D'Egville, Phenix, Albemarle, and Dormouse. If ever a place was "intoxicated with delight," it was Epsom in that eventful year. There was indeed a sort of "open house-keeping" to all comers during the week. Several sporting gentlemen on "Change" won large sums, and two or three of the Epsom tradesmen "threw in handsomely." The settling at the Corner was quite "as well as could be expected;" two or three, it is true, drew somewhat largely on our old enemy "Time," but eventually, I believe, everything turned out "quite correct." One or two of our large speculators entertained the awkward conceit that Sir Gilbert Heathcote "could never win a Derby," and paid dearly for their absurd temerity on the occasion. In 1840, Bokhara was a prime favorite with the Epsom division, as well as by many influential citizens, but he disappointed his backers by not winning; he, nevertheless, ran forward in one of the fastest "Derby's" within my recollection. Sir Gilbert Heathcote has not been recorded the winner of an Oaks, but I sincerely trust he has "got that pleasure to come." On three or four occasions the Epsom colors have been flying closely up at the finish of the "race for Ladies."

I was not prepared to give publicity to so valuable a stud as that which Sir Gilbert Heathcote possesses until very lately, being entirely ignorant of its vastness—*twenty* brood mares of the most fashionable blood; *two* stallions, also of high parentage; *thirteen* horses in active training; *seven* two-year-olds in active preparation; and *ten* yearlings!

Of the brood mares, the *petted* ones are, Jane Shore, Jane, Nannette, Lady Sarah (a regular *clipper* in her racing days), and Carolina.

Of the stallions, Samarcand's stock are very promising and racing-like; but I have not seen any of the get of Astracan, whose blood is undeniably good, being a son of the celebrated Chateau Margaux, out of Oleander by Sir David.

Of the horses in training, Valentissimo is a glorious exception to the general rule that the Velocipedes cannot *run on*; he is *eleven* years old, has been in training ever since he was a yearling, and his legs are now as fresh as the soundest two-year-old of the day. He has run in the best company, and if not always victo-

rious, his performances always proved him to be a good runner. There cannot be a doubt that Valentissimo will, *when* put to the Stud, become a leading stallion of the day. Bokhara is a nice looking animal of good speed, but unfortunately possesses an awkward will of his own. Hydaspes was backed rather freely to win the last Derby, but he did not show in the front at any period of the race—I fancy him to be but moderate.

Of the three-year-olds—five of which are in the Derby—there appears to be a somewhat strange difference of opinion amongst the regular supporters of this popular establishment. One very excellent judge informed me the other day that he had never seen a more promising Derby colt or a better goer than Amorino: another gentleman, whose opinion is held in high estimation at Tattersall's, tells me that Sirikol is *the horse*; whilst a third, also worth listening to, says if Sir Gilbert wins the Derby this year it will be with Khorassan! When we find "Doctors differ," it is indeed difficult to decide. *N'importe!* I have placed my "pony" on the *lot*, which, it must be admitted, is the safest way to guard against "accidents and offences."

Sir Gilbert Heathcote's two-year-olds, both in and out of training, are very promising, particularly the colt by Amato, out of Paradigm, in the Derby 1844, and the brown filly by Amato, out of Zenobia, in the Oaks 1844. Sherwood, the trainer, is a very civil and obliging person, and evidently wide-awake to his delicate and skilful duties. He is a great favorite with the Epsom folks.

Sir Gilbert Heathcote's horses do not in general take a very large circuit, the places of sporting being almost yearly confined to Epsom, Ascot, Hampton, Egham, and Goodwood: but of course the worthy Baronet is most "at home" at his own Meeting, where he and his gallant friend, General Grosvenor, may be seen enjoying their favorite pursuit, with perchance a "ten-pound" or a "pony" bet depending upon a Derby or an Oaks, just to give a sort of zest to their pleasures.

The following list of the Durdans Racing Establishment will be read with delight by all racing men, inasmuch as it contains the blood of the most fashionable stallions and mares of the age:

STALLIONS.

Samarcand, ch. horse foaled in 1830, got by Blacklock, out of Jane by Moses, &c.
Astracan, b. horse, foaled in 1830, got by Chateau Margaux, out of Oleander by Sir David, her dam the Whiskey mare, the grandam of those celebrated horses Emilius and Actæon.

BROOD MARES.

Jane Shore, by Woful, the dam of Amato and Amorino.
Jane, by Moses, the dam of Valentissimo, Samarcand, Lady Mary, &c.; in foal to Velocipede.
La Fille Malgardee, by Lottery, out of Sister to Sheet Anchor; in foal to Amato.
Nannette, by Partisan, out of Sister to Glaucus; in foal to Hetman Platoff.
Zenobia, by Whalebone, the dam of Bokhara, &c.; in foal to Samarcand.
Carolina, by Velocipede, out of Nannette; in foal to Liverpool.
Lady Sarah, by Tramp; in foal to Amato.
Miss Wilfred, by Lottery; in foal to Amato.
Lady Geraldine, by The Colonel; in foal to Glaucus.
Bertha, by Reveller; in foal to Hetman Platoff.

Emilius Mare, out of Nannette ; in foal to Velocipede.
 Larnaca, by Chateau Margaux, out of Lyric ; in foal to Velocipede.
 La Bellezza, by Emilius, out of Jane.
 Partisan Mare, out of Elizabeth by Orville.
 Cytherea, by Camel, out of Lady Slipper ; in foal to Amato.
 Cantatrice, by Comus, out of Amato's dam ; in foal to Samarcand.
 Gipsiana, by Tramp, dam by Cervantes ; foal dead by Velocipede.
 Carnation, by Blacklock, out of Norna ; foal dead by Liverpool.
 Countess, by The Colonel, out of Jane ; in foal to Amato.
 Damascene, by Reveller, out of Oleander.

HORSES IN TRAINING UNDER THE CARE OF SHERWOOD.

Valentissimo, ch. h., aged, by Velocipede, out of Jane by Moses.
 Bokhara, b. h., 6 yrs., by Samarcand, out of Zenobia.
 Dark Susan, br. f., 4 yrs., by Glaucus, out of Lady Sarah by Tramp.
 Pannakeen, ch. f., 4 yrs., by Velocipede, out of Zenobia.
 Hydaspes, ch. c., 4 yrs., brother to Valentissimo, by Velocipede, out of Jane by Moses.
 Amorino, b. c., 3 yrs., by Velocipede, out of Jane Shore ; in the Derby.
 Sirikol, br. c., 3 yrs., by Sheet Anchor, out of Nannette ; in the Derby.
 Khorassan, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Samarcand, out of Bokhara's dam ; in the Derby.
 Moscow, b. c., 3 yrs., by Muley Moloch, out of Valentissimo's dam ; in the Derby.
 Aurungzebe, b. c., 3 yrs., by Velocipede, out of Lady Slipper ; in the Derby.
 La Stimata, ch. f., 3 yrs., by Velocipede, out of Lady Sarah by Tramp ; in the Oaks.
 Br. f., 2 yrs., by Amato, out of Zenobia ; in the Oaks 1844.
 Ch. f., 2 yrs., by Velocipede, out of Countess.

OTHER TWO-YEAR-OLDS NOT YET IN TRAINING.

Akbar, ch. c., by Rockingham, out of Stately ; in the Derby 1844.
 Amantissimo, br. c., by Amato, out of Paradigm ; in the Derby 1844.
 Ch. c., by Velocipede, out of Carolina.
 B. c., by Glaucus, out of Shirine by Blacklock.
 Ch. f., by Rockingham, out of Carolina ; in the Oaks 1844.
 Ch. f., by Samarcand, out of Bertha by Reveller ; in the Oaks 1844.
 Bl. f., by Velocipede, out of Miss Wilfred ; in the Oaks 1844

YEARLINGS.

Colt by Samarcand, out of Zenobia, Bokhara's dam.
 Colt by Liverpool, out of Canopy.
 Colt by Muley Moloch, out of Carolina by Velocipede.
 Colt by Rockingham, out of Jane by Moses.
 Colt by Mulatto, out of Bertha by Reveller.
 Colt by Muley Moloch, out of Shirine by Blacklock.
 Filly by Velocipede, out of Jane Shore, Sister to Amato.
 Filly by Velocipede, out of Nannette by Partisan.
 Filly by Liverpool, out of Cantatrice by Comus.
 Filly by Samarcand, out of La Fille Malgardee.

I think my readers will agree with me when I state that there are few, very few superior Racing Establishments in this country than that possessed by Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart. From the success of Amato in 1838, Sir Gilbert has continued, as will be seen by his list of young stock, to send some of his prime favorite mares to Velocipede, but, unlike Lord George Bentinck and others, he judiciously studies the different *crosses*, and to this alone may be attributed the present promising and valuable young stock at Durdans.

Formerly young Buckle used to ride very frequently for Sir Gilbert, but owing, I believe, to other engagements, we seldom now see him in the pig-skin of Sherwood. Chapple, than whom few jockies are *better* in a large field of horses, was the lucky rider

of Amato, and since then he has been constantly retained for the Stable.

There is one great advantage to the backers of the Durdans Stable for the Derby or Oaks race; namely, the horses are trained on the Downs, and can at any time "take measure" of the trying "one mile and a half, with a *hill*." 'Tis also no mean consideration to be able to continue on the exact "corn and water;" the changes in numberless instances have sent a first favorite *slick* out of the betting.

One other recommendation, and one indeed of moment, is, that the supporters of "Sir Gilbert's lot" are sure to have "every chance on the *cards*;" no selling a day or two before the event comes off, and no withdrawal at the eleventh hour—two circumstances of rather a deadly character to the betting ring, and always looked upon with suspicion.

I cannot conclude without returning my best thanks to Sir Gilbert Heathcote for his politeness in enabling me to present to the *Sporting World* a complete list of the valuable Stud at Durdans, and horses in training at Epsom.

London (Old) *Sporting Magazine*, for April, 1843.

SPORTING PASSAGES IN MY LIFE; WITH DISCURSIVE REMARKS UPON MEN AND MANNERS.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

SHORTLY after leaving my worthy tutor, at Donnington, I received the gratifying intelligence that the Duke of Wellington was appointed ambassador to the Court of France, and that I (owing to the kind regard he entertained for my family) was to accompany his grace to Paris, as an *attaché* to the embassy. I pass over my ecstasies at the thought of visiting "foreign parts" under such auspices; the whole spring was to me a season of joyful anticipation.

The spring of 1814 had commenced, and I, "a youth"—which is only a civiller word for hobbledohoy—of fourteen years of age, was about to set forth in the flowery path of the world; for at that time the blossoms of life had not shed one leaf, nor were the thorns which cluster around the stem of every destiny apparent to my sight. The season was one of the greatest gaiety. Napoleon had abdicated the throne of the world. The Bourbons had been restored. Louis XVIII. had quitted England, the warehouse for bonded sovereigns, "to relieve France," so said Berthier, "from the weight of misfortunes under which she had for five-and-twenty years been groaning."

Kings, emperors, princes, potentates, flocked to London, which was thronged with the votaries of fashion and pleasure. Everybody was driving out, dining out, supping out, hunting the royal and imperial lions; balls, *fêtes*, masquerades, illuminations, reviews, naval and military, plays, operas, formed the order of the day; as Byron wrote to his tried friend and biographer, "Thom" Moore:

"The papers have told you, no doubt, of the fusses,
The *fêtes*, and the gapings to get at these *Russes*
Of his majesty's suite, up from coachman to Hetman,
And what dignity decks the flat face of the great man."

On the 8th of August, the Duke of Wellington, who had been appointed ambassador to France, left town, and I had the good fortune to accompany him. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the great duke was received everywhere on his road to Dover, the gathering multitude pressing, clinging, struggling around the carriage at every stage: in the good language of Southey, "the people would not be debarred from gazing, till the last moment, upon the hero—the darling hero of England." At Deal we embarked in a sloop of war, and after a long and unprosperous voyage, found ourselves compelled to land at Bergen-op-Zoom. And here we witnessed the scene of that fatal enterprise, wherein Skerrat, the intrepid defender of Tariffa, led the attack, and fell; where Gore, Mercer, Carleton, McDonald fell; where three hundred were killed and eighteen hundred wounded; and which attack, though it promised, at the onset, complete success, failed in the end from the loss of the principal officers of the right column, which occasioned it to fall into disorder, and from the left column being weakened by the loss of a detachment of the Guards, cut off by the enemy. The whole road, from Bergen-op-Zoom to Brussels, was the scene of the greatest gaiety; "the bees had expelled the bear that broke open their hive." "Orange Boven!" was shouted everywhere: the bluff burghers were puffing freedom out of their short tobacco-pipes. At Brussels it was a gratifying sight to see the young and gallant Prince of Orange, now King of Holland, who had served in the Peninsula as aide-de-camp to the great duke, welcome his former chief to the country he had been so lately restored to. Dinners at court, parties *en petit comité* at the royal palace of Laaken, balls, "gentlemen riders" races, were the order of the day. After a most agreeable *séjour* in this capital, we left for Paris, accompanied by the Prince of Orange through the Netherlands, to examine the frontier fortresses. Taking leave of his royal highness, we entered France, and it was a goodly sight to see the warm welcome given to *Le Vainqueur du Vainqueur de la Terre*. Wellington was received every where as a conqueror, whose campaigns were sullied by no cruelties, no crimes, and through whose deeds of valor Louis XVIII. had been restored to the throne of his ancestors.

Arrived at Paris, the duke was presented, on the 24th, to Louis XVIII., and took possession of the Hotel Borgese, formerly the property of the beautiful princess of that name. The summer passed

delightfully. The rejoicings which followed the restoration of the Bourbons were in a style of which I had no previous conception ; there were reviews in the *Champ de Mars*, and public *fêtes* in the *Champs Elysées*, and Tivoli Gardens. I should tire my readers were I to dwell upon all the gaieties of that time. Let them picture to themselves an immense army pouring along the spacious quays of Paris, in battalions and squadrons ; the bright cuirassiers ; the multitude of waving plumes and banners fluttering in the breeze ; the magnificence of the marshals and their staff ; the royal *cortège* ; these, set off by the glowing sun, produced an effect that cannot be described. Then the *Champs Elysées* on a gala day : the temporary stands from which all sorts of eatables were distributed to the populace : the fountains of wine playing into the jars, cups, and pails of all who chose to adventure getting near them ; the theatres, puppet-shows, jugglers, mountebanks, and games of every description, dispersed throughout the green ; the quadrilles and waltzes for those who liked to trip it "on the light fantastic toe." All species of music, from the wandering Italian and his hurdy-gurdy, to the *Jullien* of that day, with his splendid band ; these all formed an entertainment delightful to the multitude. The rejoicings usually concluded with a display of fireworks, commencing with a flight of 5000 rockets of various colors, at one *coup*, and terminating with the ascent of a balloon, loaded with every species of firework, which, bursting high in air, illuminated by their momentary blaze the whole atmosphere. No sooner had the winter set in, than the sports of the field commenced ; and generally twice a week, thanks to the kindness of my noble chief, who mounted me, I found myself with the royal hounds at Fontainebleau, Versailles, Compiègne, and Chantilly.

Upon one occasion we had a grand wild boar hunt, by some hounds belonging to a French gentleman, at no very great distance from Paris. The following is the manner in which the sport is carried on :—the *garde de chasse* goes out at daybreak, leading with him a *limier*, or finder. The dog generally used for this purpose is a small, ugly, wire-haired animal, not unlike the Scotch terrier. This species is remarkable for the acuteness of their sense of smell ; and it is a well-established fact, that they have been known to run the boar twenty-four hours after he has passed. When the *garde de chasse* has got to his ground, he begins by looking out for the print of the boar's feet, where they may have crossed the avenues during the night. In this he is assisted by his *limier*, who gives him immediate intimation upon crossing their track. As soon as he has found one, he proceeds all round the *enceinte* (so they term any particular part of the forest, which is generally surrounded on all sides by avenues) ; if it does not appear that the animal has quitted this spot, his labor is over for the present. If, on the contrary, he can trace him across any of the other avenues, he proceeds in the same manner until he has found the precise *enceinte* in which the boar has taken up his quarters, and which he very rarely gives up during the day, save and except from what the politicians call "a pressure from without." When the "field"

arrive, the *garde de chasse* is thus enabled to take them at once to their game. They generally attack with only two steady old hounds at first, as, if they were to lay on all the pack, some of them might break away after the roes or other deer, of which the forests are full. When the game is fairly on foot, and has *débouché de l'enceinte*, as it is termed, the pack are laid on.

The hounds used by the French are of the Norman breed, very large and powerful, with large heads, long ears, and dewlaps: they are marked similarly to foxhounds, have excellent noses, are very steady, and, from the depth of their cry, are particularly adapted to forest hunting.

But to return to our hunt. A goodly assemblage of foreign and English sportsmen were at the cover side, enjoying what, in our country, is called "the coffee-house part of hunting," when Roland and Neron, two celebrated boarhounds, gave tongue. "Have at 'em!" exclaims a young Englishman, preparing for a start. "Vive la chasse!" says a young Frenchman, accoutred in jack boots, green and gold coat, cocked hat and feather, *couteau de chasse*, velvet saddle, embroidered housings, and holsters.

"Vocat ingenti clamore cithæron
Taygetique canes"——

spouted a young Englishman just emancipated from Harrow. "If you are in luck, you are now in for a good thing of an hour or two!" cried the Duc de Guiche; and his grace was right, for in a few minutes the boar broke cover, and the country, except in respect of there being but few fences, was excellent. And now began the tug of war: many of the foreigners gave in, thinking it much too great a *bore* to follow. In those days hunting was in its infancy in France, and she could not boast, as she can at the present time, of such noble and gallant sportsmen as the Prince de Wagram, Comte de Plaisance, Marquis de la Ferté, Comtes Edmond de St. Aldegonde, Alheric de Bernis, Henry and Charles Greffulhe, Charles and Elzear de Vaque, Vassy, Lagrange, Beyenval, Marquis de Pracental, Macmation, Perthius, Boisselin, Despailles, De Salures, De Croix, De Coislin, Prince de Chimay, Viscount de Merinville, Baron de la Rochette.

"The deep-mouthed bloodhounds' heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way;
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn"

And away went our islanders, followed by the master of the pack, the Duc de Guiche, and a few others, determined to witness the death of the boar.

Before I proceed any further with my own adventures, I shall here take the opportunity of laying before my readers a trait of my noble chief, which speaks volumes for the goodness of his heart and liberality of his nature. I have already stated that it was owing to his kindness that I so often found myself splendidly mounted with the staghounds. One day, upon my return from

hunting with the royal hounds at Versailles, I found the horse I was riding go suddenly lame. We had had a good thirty minutes' forest hunting, and about a quarter of an hour in the open, during which the said hunter, just imported from England, had carried me brilliantly. In a moment I was off his back, in the hopes that he had picked up a stone, but nothing of the sort was to be found; I then tried to console myself with the idea that the shoe pinched, and that the lameness would be but temporary. Not wishing to add to the misfortune, I led the horse ten miles through the mire to Paris: on arriving at the duke's stables, the shoe was removed, but that, alas! was not the cause of lameness, the veterinary surgeon having declared it to be an injury of the coffin-joint, and one that required immediate blistering, and rest for the remainder of the season. "Well, you have gone and done it," said a stout, burly-looking man, now entering the stable. "What will his grace say? 140 guineas in one day's hunting." "Accidents will happen, Mr. Turnham, in the best regulated families," responded the head groom, with whom I happened to be on most excellent terms. "There's no great deal of inflammation, and a little care will set it all right." Feeling dreadfully downcast with the accident, and somewhat crest-fallen at Mr. Turnham's remark, I was retiring from the stable, when that personage, who, at heart, was an excellent creature, followed me out. "You must not think any more of it," said he: "it wasn't your fault; Hervey told me all about it." (Mr. Turnham always dispensed with the rank title of the person he was talking about.) "He says you went like a bird over the plain. Elmore (so the hunter was called) must have pitched with his toe on a stone as you took the wall out of the farm-yard; a blister will soon cure him." I thanked Mr. Turnham for his sympathy, and retired to my own room to brood over the misfortune until dinner-time. Mr. Turnham, of whom I have made mention, was the duke's coachman, and a most excellent man he was, either on the box or across the country; though what looked well on the former did not suit the latter—viz., his heavy, robust figure. To use his own phraseology, "It's all very well for Lennox, and F —, and H —, and those light weights, to talk of getting over the country; what would they do if they were as heavy as —, and —, and myself?" mentioning, in the above, the names of some of the duke's aide-de-camps and friends, who, like myself, were rather of the lean kind, and others who were *vice versa*. But to return to myself, as they say in Yorkshire: the dinner passed off to me flatly; the run was talked over, my prowess extolled, and we proceeded to the French Theatre. I, of course, had fully made up my mind to tell my chief of the accident, and only waited a favorable opportunity. None occurred during my drive to the play with the duke in his cabriolet. The performance—Talma in Oreste, and Mademoiselle Mars, the still evergreen, blooming Mars in the French version of our Charles II.—could not rouse me from my dull reverie, which was attributed to over fatigue. On leaving the box I half summoned up resolution to begin, but, like Acres, my courage oozed out of my fingers' ends. At last I screwed it up to the sticking-

place, and gave an account of the whole transaction as it had occurred. "Well, well, it can't be helped," said the duke; "rather unlucky; good horse; hope it ain't so bad as you think." A weight of agony was removed from my mind, and yet the feeling of kindness nearly overpowered me. I could not reply. Reaching home, I hastened to bed, and dreamt all night of hunters, accidents, blisters, and Mr. Turnham. At daylight I was up, and in the stable. The horse was undergoing the operation of the blister, and the foot was unusually hot.

After breakfast my duty took me to the presence of the duke. After receiving his instructions, I was about to give a report of Elmore's lameness, when he good-humoredly stopped me. "Dead lame, I hear; bad job, but it was no fault of yours; in future the old brown horse and chesnut mare shall be kept for your riding; if you lame them you'll have no more hunting." I retired with the feeling that the hero of a hundred battles was as good as he was great.

The royal *chasse* of France has been so often and so ably described, that I shall pass it over with a very brief notice. The Ducs d'Angoulême and de Berri were both very keen sportsmen, remarkably well mounted, and worthy of a better place than to follow "the calf" in the French fashion. Nor did their gallant bearing at all suit the show, tinsel, trapping, pomp and circumstance of inglorious chase. The mighty Nimrod—the *piqueur* in his gold-laced beadle-looking cocked hat, green and gold coat, jack boots, long chain spurs, French horn, and *couteau de chasse*, mounted on a thick stumpy horse, fat as a prize ox, caparisoned with velvet housings, gold embossed bridle and crupper, was not in keeping with the thorough-bred English horses of the royal dukes; nor were the cumbering *gens d'armes* at all in character with the sporting ideas those princes had imbibed in England during their youthful days.

Before the termination of the hunting season—viz., the 24th of January, 1815—the Duke of Wellington left Paris for the far-famed congress of Vienna, and I was fortunate enough to be one of the two *attachés* that accompanied him. Need I say that a journey with so great a man was deeply interesting to me? Anxious to lose no time upon the road, we dined in the carriage, and only stopped for four hours during the night, generally from two to six, and here his grace's powers of being able to fall at once into sleep came into effect. At the hour named for starting, the duke appeared quite refreshed, having slept, dressed, and breakfasted, while we looked tired and haggard, having supped, and lain down in our clothes before the stoves that are to be found in every German *hostellerie*. After a most agreeable journey we reached Vienna, and found a splendid mansion prepared for us in the Mineritzin Platz. The gay and busy appearance of this city, peopled with sovereigns, ambassadors, ministers and generals; its bustling activity; the streets crowded with people; groups of military parading about; the balconies filled with fair spectators; beating of drums, firing of cannon, ringing of bells; all were vivid and brilliant. The

days were passed in hunting, shooting, drives to the Prater and Aungarten; in the promenade of the Rempart and Belvedere Gardens; in select dinners, evening assemblies, splendid balls, *petits soupers*, theatrical representations—private and public. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of the *fête* given in honor of the victory of Leipsic. On this occasion 20,000 men were assembled in the Prater. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon the allied sovereigns came upon the ground, with a very numerous and brilliant suite. The troops having formed an immense square the "Te Deum" was chanted by innumerable warrior voices, in a manner that would have done credit to the "music for the million" at Exeter Hall. The frost had now set in; and the moment that the ground was covered with snow, "sledging" commenced. At a party given by the emperor at one of his palaces, some distance from the city, no less than forty sledges, ornamented with gold and silver, and lined throughout with the richest velvets and most expensive furs, joined in procession. The horses, caparisoned in cloth of gold, with plumes and ribands upon their heads and necks, and the picturesque costumes of the servants, were strikingly effective.

Among other entertainments which had been provided for the amusement of royalty, was a stag-hunt *à l'Anglaise*; and on the 7th of March a numerous party of royal and noble sportsmen assembled at Eisenstadt, the magnificent residence of Prince Esterhazy, to enjoy this diversion, altogether novel in Hungary. The whole "turn-out" was English. The pack English (Lord Stewart's—now the Marquis of Londonderry's—foxhounds); the horses English; huntsmen and whippers-in English; all in English costume. This hunt, independent of the sport, was an eventful one; for, just as we had run down our game, information reached us that Buonaparte had escaped from the island of Elba, accompanied by all his civil and military officers, and 1200 troops. I rode home with Eugene Beauharnois, Viceroy of Italy, who was a thorough-bred sportsman, and had ridden forward during the day: but no attempt of mine or those who accompanied us, could get him upon the subject of the hunt, or raise him from the abstraction the event, fraught with so great an interest to the world at large, had thrown him into.

On the morning of the 29th of March we left Vienna, reaching Brussels upon the 5th of April; and, to show the rapidity of our journey, we passed at Cologne, on the 4th, the courier that had left Vienna on the evening of the 28th of March. And here, for a time, I took leave of my truly noble chief, the duke having called back to his staff officers, who had seen goodly service with him in his Spanish and Portuguese campaigns. Fortunately for me, General, now Sir Peregrine Maitland, who commanded a brigade of guards, had a vacancy, and I was appointed *extra* aide-de-camp to him, poor Hay, whom I had not seen since he left our tutor's, being his aide-de-camp. Nothing could exceed the joy we both experienced at finding ourselves upon the same staff, especially on that of an officer who was beloved and respected as he is, to this day,

by all who know him. Our first day's sport was a *pompier chasse* after my brother aide-de-camp. His great delight was to lark over the hedge that surrounded the park at Brussels, and being contrary to orders, no sooner had he leaped in than a whole guard of *pompiers* turned out to catch the delinquent ; but that was no very easy task, for mounted on Abelard, a favorite hunter and charger, Hay gave these firemen such a run, that they soon cried—"Hold, enough."

This freak now becoming constant, a report was made to H. R. H. the Prince of Orange, now King of Holland, who good-humoredly told the incensed park-keepers that they had better allow the young officer to take his gallop through the hitherto forbidden country. My general was quartered at Enghein, some few leagues from Brussels, and there I shortly joined him. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the park, and we got up every sort of amusement—private races, pigeon-shooting, cricket matches. One day, when we were having a grand match, the first thirteen letters of the alphabet against the last eleven, and my side was out, a race was got up between a horse of St. John's and a Cossack horse. The distance once round a large lake in the park ; feather weights. I, being one of the lightest of the party, was asked to jockey the Cossack, which I accordingly did. "He pulls a little," said his owner, as I was preparing to mount. No sooner had we started than I found what "pulling a little" meant, for away he went like Mazeppa's desert-born steed,

"Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs ; but he was wild—
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught ;"

and, bolting from the course, dashed through the surrounding thicket of trees, bringing me in contact with one, which, taking me by the arm, threw me with considerable force upon the ground. Upon my friends coming up, they found me lying prostrate, my arm broken in two places, and my head cut open by the branches of a huge elm.

The concussion was terrible ; a thousand bright sparks flashed from my eyes. I then lost all consciousness, even that of pain. For nearly three days I remained in a state of insensibility, and never shall I forget my sensations on returning to life. But to those who have not felt the same, they would be difficult, if not impossible, to describe. Suffice it to say I remained between life and death for more than a week ; but the unwearied care of my medical attendants, who employed every means that art could devise, and skill execute, added to youth and a good constitution, shortly restored me to health. The next event that "came off" was the battle of Waterloo ; but that has been so often, and so faithfully described, that it is needless to enter upon it, futher than to say poor Hay fell at Quatre Bras : he was shot by a French dragoon, while conveying an order from General Maitland, and in the act of leaping a ditch. Among the heroes who died upon the

field of glory, there was no more gallant spirit than that of my former schoolfellow, brother aide-de-camp, and friend.

Well might the poet say of him :—

“ For thee the Muse a wreath would twine,
Young scion of a noble line ! *
She weeps not those whose race is run,
Their glory full, their triumph done ;
Amid the blaze of honors won,
They brighten as they fall ;
But thou—thy course scarce yet begun,—
In death's dark night to set so soon !
No ! Pity's softer call,
If not the Muse, shall snatch thy name,
And give it to the rolls of Fame ! ! ”

“ * I hope I have not ventured too far in this stanza, in hazarding a few lines to the memory of an interesting young man who closed his military career on the plains of Fleurus, in the nineteenth year of his age—Lord Hay, Ensign in the First Foot Guards.”—From “ Waterloo,” a Poem, by Henry Davidson, Esq., Advocate, Edinburgh, 1816.

London Sporting Review for April, 1843.

AN ENGLISH SPORTING CHARACTER AT HIS COUNTRY ESTABLISHMENT.

Z. FARM.—A ride of an hour takes us into a fine undulating grass country ; this old fashioned, high-roofed, red brick house, with the large farm buildings attached to it, is the residence of Mr. Z.

There he is on the lawn before his door, attired in a spicy cut-away, playing with a charming little child—rather painfully overdressed to be sure ; but in these days Mrs. Z. is not the only lady who seems desirous of making her progeny look like young rope-dancers. On seeing us, Mr. Z. hands his boy over to the care of a large rough deer-hound, and comes forward to greet us. Albert, who is with him, calls to the stable-man to come and take our horses.

Mr. Z. then says to him, “ Mr. V. is come to try Rococo. Let the Wave, Oliver Twist, and Scroggins be saddled, and tell Percy we shall want him. Meantime, gentlemen, perhaps you would like to walk through my stables.”

Whatever Mr. Z. takes in hand, he appears to do well. He is decidedly intended by nature to be an eminent man in his line. Had he taken orders, I have no doubt but that he would have eventually risen to the episcopal bench ; had he gone to the bar, he unquestionably would have arrived at the woolsack. As it is, he is “ *facile princeps* ” amongst his fellow horse-dealers.

During our stroll across the lawn to the stables, I observe that he possesses not only a strong zoological taste, but a good one. That noble Scotch hound, rolling over and over so good-naturedly on the grass with Master Dudley Z., is decidedly thorough-bred ; and I would back these perky little terriers, which follow us about,

scratching and snuffing at every cranny susceptible of a mouse, to seize and worry a red-hot poker if Mr. Z., to whom they seem much attached, were so unreasonable as to put their pluck to such a fiery ordeal. In one corner of the yard is a row of rabbit-hutches, in another is chained a fine, large, tame fox. A flight of rare pigeons, too, are seen wheeling in circles round the high chimneys of the dwelling-house.

The stables are not nearly so smart as those in the London establishment, and are chiefly divided into boxes. Each box is arranged in a manner calculated to delight any person who has an eye for the becoming. There is nothing fine or tawdry to be seen, but cleanliness, order, and good taste are evinced throughout.

Not a horse at the farm but has some anecdote, very well told by Mr. Z., connected with it; they all appear to have been purchased under "peculiar circumstances;" according to him, nothing short of the death, ruin, or mutilation of the former proprietors could have induced them to part with such perfect creatures. The failure of what are pleasantly termed "American securities," the new tariff, and the income tax, also serve to account for the appearance of a good many in the market. Mr. Z. states readily the price he has given for each, and corroborates his assertions by his receipt book, and by letters from his correspondents worded thus :—

"Market Harborough, Thursday.

"*Dear Z.:* After a good deal of trouble I have at last persuaded Lady K. to part with her ponies. I was obliged to give her her own price, for she knew you meant having them, and swore she would be — if she bated a farthing. You will agree with me that they are dirt cheap at two hundred.

"Yours, JOSEPH CURB."

Or thus :—

"Long's Hotel, Sunday.

"*Mr. Z.:* Scroggins is yours at £300. No other man in England should have him for double the money; but I am off in rather a hurry for Brussels this evening, and wish to get rid of him at once. You can send a check to me through lawyer F.

"SWISHTAIL."

Such epistles as these save Mr. Z. a world of trouble. After reading them we either buy Lady K.'s ponies, or Lord Swishtail's hunter, or we do not. But, if we do, there can be no question as to price. No man could have the face to offer less than fifty or sixty guineas profit on each transaction.

Mr. Z. certainly seems to have congregated in his stables such a lot of horses as were never before seen in one man's hands. There is a park hack, neater and handsomer than Lord Gardner's chesnut; a cab horse which can step up and go away in better style than D'Orsay's late brown; a lady's horse, more beautiful and docile than Massey Stanley's roan; weight carriers, with muscular names—Behemoth and Leviathan, to whom Sober Robin was but a slow weed; a trotter, the Bermondsey Pippin, whose speed no man can guess at—he never having been tried. There

are hunters for men of ten stone, twelve stone, and fourteen stone, that nobody can either catch, stop, or throw down; there are black chargers, with small heads and large tails, for the household brigade; confidential cobs, for wealthy welters from the city; cock-tails, for M.P.'s who are obliged to support county races; steeple chasers, for lads from college, who think it "fast" to have a nag entered in their names for the "grand national." Here are no young, raw brutes, to break customers' necks. They have one and all approved themselves, by their performances, worthy of a place in Mr. Z.'s collection.

"Gentlemen, the horses are ready—will you have the kindness to mount?"

I take Rococo; you, reader, whom I have ascertained during our ride down, to be a bit of a tailor, had better get upon the cob, and look at us. Mr. Z. backs the Wave, and Percy Z., a boy about ten, his fair hair in ringlets down his back, clad in a blouse, no breeches of any kind, with his naked legs crammed into a pair of jack boots, and without a hat, is tossed upon Scroggins, a tall, raking chesnut, at least seventeen hands high, and evidently a hot one. Albert rides Oliver Twist.

"Now, Percy, where shall we take the gentlemen?" Mr. Z. is obviously bent upon a lark, and I, feeling that I have a good horse under me, am not entirely averse to the project.

Albert, Mr. Z., and his son consult together, "the unbreeched one" taking the lead in the conversation in a remarkable manner, considering his tender years. He is a living proof of the adage,

*"Qu' aux ames bien nées,
La valeur n'attend pas le nombre des années."*

He seems to know exactly who has, and who has not already "warned him off," whose gates are locked, whose people are likely to be on the look-out, and which of the neighbors are still good-natured enough to stand their fences being daily broken, and their ground galloped over by Master Z. and his followers.

We first try the horses over some wattles in Mr. Z.'s field, but they are too fresh, and too near home, to be induced to jump steadily; we, therefore, trot off down a lane, Percy and I in front. As we jog on together, I admire Scroggins' power and shape, but express my suspicion that he must be a puller.

The young innocent affirms, with an oath, "that a child may ride him."

I inquire why, if such be the case, he is equipped with a gag-snaffle?

Percy vows that it is owing to the stupidity of the groom, whom he considers to be "the stupidest beggar unhung." Finally he proposes that we should exchange horses, and offers, on his own responsibility, to give me Scroggins for nothing if he "does anything."

This liberal offer I decline, being well satisfied with Rococo.

Having proceeded about a mile, Percy suddenly pulls up, cries to Mr. Z., "Here we are, father," crams the spurs into Scroggins,

and, turning him half round, tips over a new, high, white five-barred gate, into a grass field, and gallops off, shouting to us to "come along."

Albert and Mr. Z. instantly follow him: one crashes through the hedge, the other pops over what appears to me to be a most infernally awkward stile. I get into the field also, but, being rather taken by surprise at the suddenness of the evolution, am not at this moment prepared to say how.

You, reader, hold hard your excited cob's reins, look over the fence with astonishment and terror, and suspect me of monomania.

Away we go, led by the infant phenomenon, straight across the country. The horses justify all that Mr. Z. has said in their favor. They are, indeed, hunters in the best sense of the word. Resolute yet tractable, they all jump timber, creep doubles, fly hedges and ditches, and go through dirt and across ridge and furrow as safely and easily as if we were taking a canter across Epsom Downs. At last, however, we came down upon a brook. Scroggins, who was leading, refuses; Albert gets over with a splash; Mr. Z. and I pull up.

The brook is not a wide one, but its banks are steep, and it is within twenty yards of a goodish hedge and ditch, which Scroggins has just cleared, so that he is now on a narrow strip of grass, the brook before him, and a deep ditch behind him. He turns restive. The place is an awkward one for a combat with a vicious horse; but still the gallant Percy flogs and spurs him furiously. Scroggins rears, kicks, and plunges as only a thorough-bred horse can when goaded to desperation. Albert, pleased at having "set" Percy, calls to him to "mind, or he will be hurt." Percy, indignant, retorts by telling Albert "to be d——d." Mr. Z. looks stoically on—the father is evidently merged in the horse-dealer.

At last Scroggins seems disposed to give in; he approaches the edge of the brook, he lowers his head, his fore legs quiver, he is preparing for his spring. "There he goes; he's over." Not he—the vicious brute has jumped deliberately in, and is now attempting to get out again on the wrong side. The bank is steep, the bottom sticky, it is a matter of uncertainty whether even Scroggins' powers will prevent him from falling back, and crushing the brave child, who, nothing daunted, is straining every nerve to extricate himself and his horse.

I, frightened out of my wits at the boy's danger, turn to Mr. Z. He is as cool as a cucumber, and merely mutters from time to time, as the horse is struggling in the slough—"You'll be under him, Percy—he'll fall back—no he won't—well done—serve him out—now you're off—no you ain't—give it him—well saved;" and other similar ejaculations *de circonstance*.

After a long tussle, Scroggins does fall back, but, luckily, Percy escapes with no further inconvenience than a very black and copious mud-bath; with some difficulty we get them both out, and return to the farm, poor Percy sadly crest-fallen, and Albert proportionably elated at his rival rider's mishap.

We dismount; the horses are led away reeking to their boxes by a crowd of helpers, and Mr. Z. invites us in to lunch. Percy sneaks into the kitchen to clean himself, and to escape the jokes of Albert and the stablemen.

We enter a cheerful room, hung round with pictures of celebrated horses, executed by Landseer, Grant, Hancock, and other well-known illustrators of the animal world; the gem of the collection being a likeness of Mr. Z., on his renowned steeple-chaser Aeronaut, for which he refused a thousand guineas. There are also some good water-colors by Alken, and some clever sporting sketches by Mr. Z. himself, who is no contemptible artist in his way. A book-case, at the end of the room, contains a small library of standard works, *all good editions*.

Mr. Z. does the honors to us with great propriety and hospitality. The luncheon is simple, but singularly well served. A whiter table-cloth, better cleaned plate, and more unexceptionable glass and china, I never saw anywhere. The bread and beer are home-made, the butter the produce of Z. Farm, the mutton chops and cold beef perfect.

During lunch not a word is uttered relative to business, save that Albert, when he comes in from the stables, mentions that the Wave (250 guineas worth) has got a bad cut on the back sinew. At this unwelcome intelligence Mr. Z. looks rather pleased than otherwise, and respectfully suggests to us a second glass of sherry.

We then light our cigars and adjourn to the garden, which is as neat and well kept as the rest of the establishment. I buy Rococo. Although I am extremely fond of both children and horses, I make it a rule never to talk to other people of my own brats and brutes (for such they are in their eyes, though I probably do not myself view them in that light), so I will not trouble my readers with the particulars of the deal, but will respectfully suggest to them that it would be a great relief to mankind in general if they would follow my example, and be less anecdotal on the subject of their stables and nurseries.

If Rococo happens to suit me in every respect—if I can ride him—if he don't catch the influenza and die, or turn roarer—and if I sell him, eventually, for double the sum I paid for him to Mr. Z., I shall probably be willing to admit that the said Mr. Z. is a tolerably fair fellow; but if, on the other hand, I don't like his color when he changes his coat—if he pulls an ounce too much for me—if he is not inaccessible to coughs and colds—if I find any difficulty in selling him the moment I don't want him any more, and if, when I do sell him, I lose twenty pounds by the transaction, I doubt whether the English language will furnish me with words adequate to express my sense of the disgraceful manner in which I shall conceive myself to have been "done" by Mr. Z. Poor Mr. Z.!

V.

London Morning Herald.

SHOOTING IN GENERAL,
AND REFUTATION OF THE CHARGE OF CRUELTY AS APPLIED TO
BATTUEING IN PARTICULAR.

"And the poor beetle that we tread upon in corporal sufferance," &c.—*Nonsense.*

IN taking up a Provincial Newspaper, it is no uncommon thing to observe, amongst the light paragraphs intended for the amusement of its readers, the performances of ten or a dozen jolly joskins in buff jerkins, who to celebrate some event of local notoriety, or for their own special amusement, are recorded to have pulled, or rang (the latter we presume is a more correct term), five thousand and odd changes with Bob Major, or Old Grandsire, or Oxford Triple Bob, upon the church bells of their native town or village in about three hours and six minutes (country time), which feat, amongst those deep in the practice and mysteries of bell-metal and hemp, is considered tightish work, aye and first-rate "sport" into the bargain. Laugh not, Sporting Reader: many an aged artisan and rustic laborer may be met with who will delight to talk of the comparative merits of the bell-ringers of former and of the present day, calling forth all the animation and gusto that would lighten up an old fox-hunter in recounting the brightest passages of a long sporting career: and, with stick in hand and decked in Sabbath attire, will trudge off a score miles to the opening of a new peal of bells, and where, stripped to their shirts, the performers delight in being *ringing* wet, and where to handle tenor or treble is an envied honor—the woollack of the profession—upon which every tyro in "tintinnabulary clatter" fixes his eye, and one day hopes to attain to. "Well, but what can such an exordium as this have to do with the subject proposed?" ejaculates some young one fond of the gun, and who delights at once to plunge *in medias res*. Nothing more, my dear boy, than offering a sort of apology for treating upon a subject that has been discussed continually by abler pens, and to show how much our gentle craft—*i. e.* writing upon sporting subjects—and bell-ringing are like the one to the other. Without the thousands and ten thousands of changes which we ring upon Hunting, our Bob Major; Shooting, our Grandsire Peal; Fishing, our Oxford Triple, and various other names adapted to our different sports or peals, what would have become of our Magazine long ago, *et id genus omne*? Othello's occupation would be gone; and the facts of men and inferior animals, which are now constantly recorded and transmitted for instruction and amusement to the uttermost parts of the earth, would have to be found only (to use funny Mr. Hood's words) amongst "the pastimes of past times;" nor should I now, who neither pull treble nor tenor, but content with being stationed at Nos. 2, 3, or 4, have ventured to join in another charge upon our Old Grandsire Peal, Shooting, that's all. But the rope's in hand, and here's off.

For everything connected with the instrumental part of shooting *vide* Hawker. The unwearied and indefatigable industry of the Colonel, his recorded *proofs*, worth all the opinions of all the theorists and more practical men put together, leave nothing to be told of the comparative powers of guns, or the best method to obtain the *ne plus ultra* power of any particular fowling-piece; yet 'tis astonishing how few men in the great army of shooters have ever taken the trouble to peruse the work. Some I know have been frightened at what they call the coachmaker's patterns amongst the engravings; some at the bulk, some at the expense; but the multitude, as I take it, because it has through a series of years, without sound of trumpet or drum, quietly marched on in its silent route into the eighth edition. Was such a work now to come out in Numbers, there's not a man or boy who carries a gun but would read it. Who, therefore, would pretend to offer "Instructions" now? The only thing allowable may be to offer any little wrinkle or bit of advice which experience and observation may put us in possession of; and my hint to any young one who has not read Hawker is this—never buy a *new cheap gun*; always purchase the very best ammunition; and be sure, before you make choice of a gun that you intend should serve you for years, that you have most accurately proved the sort of gun which best suits you as to weight, length, and more particularly as regards the stock.

What a revolution has there been in guns and shooting within the last thirty-five or forty years! almost as much advancement as there was from the netting of our great grandfathers to shooting a bird flying with a single barrell'd gun. When I was a boy, real good shots were rare; now, the difficulty is to find a very bad one. One instance, and one only, has come under my own observation, of a man who never could acquire the art of shooting flying, after years of practice, and with all "appliances and means to boot." He was the son of a wealthy yeoman, who was a good sportsman and one of the first shots of his day; and, very desirous that the young idea should shoot also, he was entered early to sparrow sitting. This lesson he got up, but never progressed one stage beyond it. His final break down and relinquishment of the gun, as it is somewhat humorous, I may be permitted to relate in his own words. Day after day it was the same story.

"*Father*: Well, Richard, what luck to day?

"*Son*: never touched a feather; 'tis no use, I must give it up.

"*Father*: Nonsense! I know that gun does not suit you, and you shall have another.

"Another gun was procured, and having greatly approved of its coming up to sight and all that, out I went the first fine morning afterwards for a trial, my father waiting at home, as he said he knew I should have a better chance by myself. Old Juno, as she always did, behaved admirably; nine beautiful shots in succession did I miss as usual, and in despair I put my gun upon my shoulder, and turned my head homewards. Sauntering down a sandy lane, I happened to look through a gap, and at the foot of an old oak, which grew upon a bank running at right angles with the one over which

I was peeping, I saw a covey of birds basking; so laying my new gun, as I had formerly done at the sparrows on the dung-heap at the stable-door, I fired, and with the assistance of old Juno, eventually bagged seven birds, and home I went. The Governor met me at the gate, and saw by my countenance that I had done something, for he began rubbing his hands, and ejaculating, 'Aye, aye, I can see; come, come, what have you done? Out with it.'—'Why,' said I, affecting an air of indifference, 'pretty well, I think; had ten shots, and bagged seven birds,' at the same time producing the vouchers.—'Huzza! who's right now? Didn't I always tell you that when you got a gun that suited you it would be all right?' It was not till the evening of that day that I undeceived him, and from that hour have never made another attempt."

Now this young man was light and active, had the perfect use of his limbs, was remarkably good-tempered, and, what is more, so excessively fond of shooting, that for years after he gave up attempting to shoot, and after his father's death, he kept pointers for the benefit of those friends whom he invited to shoot over his lands, and for whom he carried the bag, and was one of the best markers I ever met with.

Another instance, more curious than the last, inasmuch as it approaches to idiosyncrasy, if such a term may be applied to shooting, and the truth of which is not at all called in question by the friends of the man to whom this tale belongs, and which from my own perfect and unqualified belief in I now venture to relate.

The person alluded to is a respectable gun-maker in a market town in Suffolk, who from his youth upwards has always been accustomed to the use as well as the mechanical knowledge of guns, and all that pertains to them. He is a very good pigeon and snipe-shot, and in fact, in the field, if not first-rate, is a highly respectable second—no mean performer, according to the manner in which in my own mind I class shooting-men. Now this man *never shot a woodcock in his life*; and upon asking him a very pertinent question touching his singularity of the matter—*i. e.* whether he had ever fired at any?—his answer was this, "*Scores*, and on several occasions had four or five chances in a morning:" and he moreover asserts the utter impossibility of his ever at any future time being able to perform such a feat. In the other shooting, he has quite as much confidence as his performances warrant: therefore, how is this? Let those deep in the mysteries of our animal mechanism solve it if they can.

And now, before I enter upon the different styles of shooters and shooting, and other matters *à propos*, in order to refute a charge of cruelty made against Sportsmen of the present day, I shall take the liberty of dissecting a paragraph which appeared in the *Britannia* newspaper of the 7th of January last, if only to show how little is known of sporting by many Metropolitan Journalists who profess to cater for the amusement and instruction of the public; and what a craving there must be for tales of morbid sensibility amongst

a certain class of readers to induce any writer to set before them such a farrago of trash as that to which we are about to allude. Had this abusive paragraph issued from any of those vulgar weekly journals that rise and fall in proportion to the quantum of scurrility and filth periodically set forth, and which are patronised only by the vicious and the weak, it would have been unworthy of notice ; but when we find the *Britannia* newspaper, "*haud illi secundus*," admitting into its columns a direct attack upon one of our national amusements—shooting in particular—weak and incorrect though it be both as to facts and arguments, and where metaphorically we may exclaim, touching the paragraph,

Where rattling *nonsense* in full volleys break ;"

yet we prefer the foeman worthy of our steel : and as an old subscriber to the *Britannia*, and a sincere well-wisher to its increasing circulation, we take the liberty of heartily petitioning the Editor, that, should he think fit upon any future occasion to allow the firing a little small shot at Country Gentlemen and their amusements, he will have the kindness to put the weapon into the hands of some one who knows how to use it.—And now for it.

It is headed "Field Sports."—The writer, whom we shall designate "The Gentleman" *par excellence*, gives us for his text, that he is "neither a Simon Pure nor a Joseph Surface."—This we readily believe, especially as regards the latter character, for Joseph, as far as we remember (particularly in the hands of Mr. Charles Young), was an exceedingly amusing personage, a cannie lad, as the Scotch have it, and was represented as knowing *something* of "the game" he endeavored to hunt down.—To proceed. Having ingeniously disclaimed all sympathy or similarity with the aforesaid personages, he thus proceeds :—"Yet it is difficult to reconcile our notions to the details of Field Sports, which we daily see in the papers." From the context, it would be curious if he could. But as it would be still more difficult to comment upon every blunder as fast as it arises, it would be better to transcribe the first sentence of "the Gentleman's" pasquinade, and dissect it afterwards. Following the word "papers" last quoted, it proceeds thus :—"It is perfectly true that the bird and beast of the field are put under the dominion of man, yet it is equally true that this dominion is for his use, not their misery. What can be easier than to draw the distinction ? Man must have food, and he is undoubtedly entitled to make the lower creation supply him. But these *battues*, these daily 'baggings,' as they are called, of one or two hundred head of animals at a time, palpably only to give occupation to the idleness of a party of fine Gentlemen, or to administer to the amusement of any one fine Gentleman, we cannot help considering as *cruel*, absurd, and indefensible. In these *battues* even the very common and trivial excuse for *cruelty*, its adventure, or exercise, or difficulty, has no place. The game might nearly as well be shot at in a cage. They are nearly as thick as chickens in a poultry-yard ; and the Sporting Gentleman who sends the account of his prowess to the Sporting Paper might just as well pride himself upon having pur-

chased his bag-full in Leadenhall Market." *Tot homines, tot sententiæ.*

Does "the Gentleman" know, that, by a recent Act of Parliament, game, like other food, is now a saleable commodity to all who choose to buy it, and that that Act was passed with a twofold object in view—in the first place, that the public might no longer complain that game was unattainable to the many excepting through illegal channels; and in the second place, that, by having the market well supplied through the legal producer, the poacher's profits might in time be so reduced that his desperate occupation would be rendered useless? This being the case, he who sends the greatest quantity of game into the market best carries out the intention of the Legislature, and so far does his duty as a good citizen. And as "man must have food, and is entitled to make the lower creation supply him," we perfectly agree with Mrs. Glasse, that 'tis necessary to have these creatures in our possession before we can convert them to our own purposes. Now it so happens that some of the lower creation have wings as well as legs, and will not "come to be killed" as Mrs. Bond's ducks were wont to do when charmed by her musical chanting of "Dilly, Dilly, Dilly." But possibly "the Gentleman" may still be under the harmless delusion that salt applied to the tails is the most approved method of bird-catching? If so, those who shoot them must stand convicted of prejudice, at least in his opinion, because he will venture to assert that not one of those who use a gun ever tried the more *simple* recipe.

But now we must parry the grand thrust made at us. "These *battues*, these daily baggings as they are called"—Pray by whom? *mais n'importe!*—"of one hundred or two hundred head of animals at a time, we cannot but consider as *cruel*, absurd, and indefensible," To attempt to grapple with all that this "Gentleman" may hold as absurd and indefensible would be too Quixotic for our taste; but the term "*cruel*," being sent point blank at us, is definite and straight-forward, and upon which we join issue, and unhesitatingly pitch our caster into the ring. It appears from the passage above quoted, that it is the great numbers killed at one time that constituted the cruelty. "The Gentleman" talks of one or two hundred in a day—(we plead guilty to having during this season been one of a party at a *battue* where more than twice that number were slain, but it was previous to the 7th of January, and therefore had not the fear of this champion of humanity before our eyes:—well, we will take him at his own round numbers of two hundred, and humbly submit that unless he is prepared to prove that the last bird or beast of the two hundred that falls feels one hundred and ninety-nine times more pain than the first, the case falls to the ground. Had "the Gentleman" favored us with his *ne plus ultra* of a day's shooting, the exact point at which sport must stop, and beyond which cruelty begins, we might possibly have been puzzled to find how Leadenhall and the other London markets would be supplied, so that game might be had at a fair price, and how the poacher might be driven out of the business. And as to his opinion,

that game "might nearly as well be shot at in a cage," any poulterer will convince him of his error; because, supposing the cage to be a wooden one, the animals therein slaughtered would be full of splinters; and as to cages of iron and brass, they are far too expensive for country gentlemen of the present day to indulge in. But our friend, being one of the Gilpin order, might be "in merry mood," and positively laughing at us: therefore it behoves us for a while to be serious, and once more to seize this bull—*cruelty*—by the horns. In *battue* shooting, nineteen shots out of every twenty may be rated as being under thirty yards: the guns which gentlemen of the present day make use of hit very hard, and the bird or beast so knocked over, if not quite dead, is quickly in the hands of those who know how to administer the *coup de grace instant*; and as for "the numbers" which, in the pathetic words of "the Gentleman," are "only wounded, and escape to linger under the tortures of their wounds, or, unable to find food, die in agonies and famine," he may have the soothing consolation offered from every-day experience, that so well do gamekeepers know their business, and to such perfection are retrievers now trained, that not two head out of one hundred wounded escape their vigilance for twenty-four hours, and not one in one thousand suffers the horrors which his raw-head-and-bloody-bones-imagination has conjured up. But "man must have food," and just at this season game is out and lamb is in. Does "the Gentleman" ever luxuriate upon a leg or a chop cut from one of those types of innocence that he must have heard from first-rate authority always

"Licks the hand just raised to shed its blood?"

or does he reflect, when rejoicing in ox-tail soup, that the late wearer of those glutinous tapering *vertebræ*, rolling and almost hissing over his palate, possibly received two or three ugly consecutive thumps on the skull from a pole-axe previous to his having his throat cut? As a winding up, did he ever eat crimped skate or cod? If so, in proportion as we admire his theory do we condemn his practice. But to proceed.

After assuring us that he desires not to use any affected appeals on the subject, he discourses on the anatomical mechanism of the forms, the habits, instincts, and pleasures of the birds and *beasteses* in language worthy of the days of Pidcock and redolent of the long pole and sawdust, and then pours the full tide of his "Lament" thus: "Why should all this purpose be counteracted in a moment, simply for the object of occupying the time of some clownish Squire, or infinitely yawning man of rank?" As to the clownish Squires (not happening in the present day to know any), we must leave them to the tender mercies of this severe censor: but as far as regards the infinitely *yawning* man of rank (to use a sporting phrase), we will back at long odds anything emanating from "the Gentleman's" pen upon Field Sports to induce the *malady* with which he has saddled the man of rank, much quicker and in a ten-fold degree stronger than four hours spent in the worst day's *battue* ever experienced since it became the fashion.

But *ira furor brevis est* ; and "the Gentleman" begins to relent a little. Philanthropy peeps forth at last, if only to shew us that he is not after all quite such a savage as he at first made us believe. He tells us, "we have a society for Preventing Cruelty to Donkeys, and why not try its influence on men of £10,000 or £30,000 a year, who from want of something rational to do, leave no record of their time to their country but that they slaughtered so many head of game?" Now this is both liberal and humane ; for, from the numberless personal favors he has deserved and undoubtedly received from the said Society, no one can be so fully competent to speak to its utility : but since, in spite of all, he does not appear to be exactly the sort of person country gentlemen would wish to imitate, in their name we will venture to reject the proffered assistance of himself and patrons, and at the same time laugh at the silly presumption that induced him to offer it.

The paragraph closes with a description of German *battueing*, and there can be no reason for believing that it is not quite equal in spirit and correctness to that given of our own. "Lazy and stupid Nimrods" are the terms applied to the Sportsman, and with an exquisite bit of morality of his own weaving, he brings our castigation to an end.

And now a few words at parting. If "the Gentleman" has now or ever should have the opportunity of inquiring amongst or witnessing that class of Her Majesty's lieges which hitherto appear to have been to him a sealed volume, he will be sure to find that the country gentleman of thirty, or ten, or one thousand a year in the present day are neither the lazy nor useless beings his ignorance has painted them : and that until much stronger arguments shall be brought to bear against their sports than any he has yet made use of, they will continue to amuse themselves, (in the few hours of relaxation from parliamentary, magisterial, and an hundred other duties unknown to the dwellers in Cockaine) in modes most agreeable to their own choice, leaving all such writers, and "the Gentleman" in particular, to the full and unenvied enjoyment of his own more genial pleasures, albeit they are comprised in a free admission to the "Pit of the Surrey," or the more quiet and innocent enjoyment of a pipe and pot in the classic arbors of Bagnigge Wells.

RINGWOOD.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for April, 1843.

Notes of the Month.

J U N E .

Havana Races.—One of our special correspondents writes under date of the 9th ultimo, from New Orleans, of the arrival of the steamer "Alabama," from Havana, on the day previous. He commences by stating that she "brings over most awful news in regard to racing in the Island," and indeed his whole letter is written in such desponding terms, that we prefer quoting the one furnished by our friend LUMSDEN of the "Picayune," which will be found on another page. There are a thousand unpleasant rumors in circulation with regard to the management of the Course, but we trust to hear more favorable reports ere long. The Captain of a vessel which arrived here this week from Havana, states that Mr. GARRISON had given up the Course to the committee of the Club, which had satisfactorily indemnified him; that a premium of \$10,000 was paid him beyond his expenses, and that he had accordingly paid his purses, and everything was going on swimmingly. At New Orleans, however, the general impression was that the speculation was a lamentable failure; it was confidently stated that the purses were unpaid, though seventy members of the Club were said to have paid their \$100 each subscription. As no one is allowed to leave the Island until satisfactory testimony can be adduced that they leave no debts unpaid, several individuals who went over from New Orleans, our correspondent writes, were "in durance vile" when the "Alabama" left. She brought back but four horses, viz., Creath, Sally Shannon, Lady Jane and Norma. Three or four horses had been sold to remain in the Island, including Sandy Young and Monkey Dick. LUMSDEN writes from Havana, by the "Empresario," under date of the 5th inst., that

"Although the races are over, there are several of the horses here still 'going.' You will have learned by the 'Alabama' that many of them did not go back. They are daily being sold at a sacrifice. I have just heard of six that have changed hands since the races, viz., *Sandy Young, Monkey Dick, Robert Rucker, Warwick, Benj. Basden and Lorenzo Dow*. None of these brought their value. Various uses will be made of them; some will be kept for the Turf, as I learn, while one or two may be intended for the saddle, and some for stock."

Our readers will deeply regret to hear that the renowned *George Martin*, the Champion of the South-west, met with an accident before the races, that will probably incapacitate him for the Turf. He received a kick from *Ran Peyton* in the shoulder while "walking."

Poor *LIN. COCH*, too, late owner of *Miss Foote*, met with a sad accident while starting *Joe Chalmers* in the second day's race. In turning his colt he was thrown down and run over by *Ran Peyton*, by which his collar bone was broken; he was also severely bruised in other parts of the body. We are glad to learn that when the *Alabama* left, he was gradually recovering. From "Rover" we shall doubtless receive a complete report in a day or two, by a vessel sailing direct to this port.

The fine *Club House* of the N. Y. Jockey Club, near the Union Course, L. I., was totally destroyed by fire, about noon on the 6th inst. It was occupied by Mr. REMSEN SNEDIKER as a hotel. The fire caught from a chimney, as we are informed. The policy of insurance upon the property expired a few weeks since and had not been renewed. The house was the property of Capt D. H. BRANCH, of Petersburg, Va.

Cricket.—The St. George Cricket Club of this city held two meetings lately at their grounds on the Bloomingdale road, at which several officers of the Warspite were in attendance. We see that the Canadian Clubs have already taken the field, and from a notice in the Toronto "Herald," should not be surprised if a match should be proposed "all in good time."

Col. BINGAMAN, of Natchez, it is said, has bought one half of *Ruffin*, at \$2,000, and *Arraline* (JAS CAGE's *Leviathan* filly), the winner of the three mile day at Nashville, last Fall, for \$1,000. These two, and *Lucy Dashwood* go to Kentucky in a few days, in charge of PRYOR, a correspondent writes. He adds, "Ruffin, you know, is engaged in the Gold Stake, at Louisville, and the Brennan Stake, at Lexington. He (R.) stands full 15½ hands high, with plenty of length and substance, is ill-tempered, and bad to start, but can both go the pace and stay the distance. In a word, he is the best colt of his age I ever saw. There is a ch. Medoc filly in these stakes that will be troublesome, or I am greatly misinformed."

"Capt. MINOR's (of Natchez) *Britannia* dropped a ch. c. foal to Imp. Belshazzar, on the 22d ult., when the snow was 15 inches deep; he was doing well on the 31st, and BERRY WILLIAMS says he must be called *Snow Storm*; the mare will be bred this season to Wagner,—pedigree or no pedigree. It will be found somewhat difficult to keep out of the way of his half sister, in the Peyton Stake, if she goes for it. Capt. M's *Fright* (by Imp. *Leviathan*, out of *Diana* by *Mercury*) has dropped a fine b. c. foal to *Doncaster*, and will be bred to him again. Telie Doe dropped an uncommonly fine ch. f. to Imp. *Leviathan*, on the 16th of February, and has been stunted to *Doncaster*."

The Canada Turf.—At a meeting of the Quebec Turf Club, at Payne's Hotel, 4th April, 1843, held pursuant to the Rules, the following Officers and Stewards were chosen by ballot, and form the committee for the current year:

President—George B. Simes, Esq.

Vice-President—Captain Kennedy, 68th L. I.

Treasurer—Charles Gethings, Esq.

Secretary—J. C. Fisher, Esq.

Stewards—Hon. E. Caron, Mayor, Major Lord Wm. Paulet, 68th Regt., Hon. F. Saville, R. A., Lieutenant Reynolds, 70th Regt., G. H. Parke, Esq., Edward Burstall, Esquire, W. H. Anderson, Esq., and A. Joseph, Esq., appointed Assistant Secretary.

GILBERT R. KEITH, Esq., of Mobile, Ala. claims the name of *Margaret Marshall* for his chesnut filly foaled on 31st March, by Wagner out of Levine, by Imp. *Leviathan*, she out of *Parasol*, by Napoleon, out of *Black Sophia*, the dam of Birmingham, Bee's-wing, &c. Also the name of "*Havron*," for his chesnut colt, by Imp. Belshazzar, dam by Pacific.

Col. C. F. M. NOLAND and Capt. TUNSTALL of "the Arks," claim the name of *Flood* for their half sister to *Freshet*—a yearling b. f. by Volcano, out of *Charline* by Pacific. *Freshet* is regarded as the most beautiful and promising filly west of the Mississippi. Capt. T. has her in training, and "N." thinks she is "one of 'em," and no mistake. She is now 3 yrs. old, and is engaged in a Stake at Fort Smith this Spring and in one at St. Louis in the Fall.

Mr. Editor.—For the information, and gratification of Rifle Shooters in general, I will give through the medium of your very valuable and interesting Magazine, the result of three trials with Rifles, manufactured by Wright & Co., Poughkeepsie, New York.

A gentleman of our city made five successive shots, distance 300 yards at rest, that measured in the aggregate 111-8 inches. He then shot, 40 successive shots off hand distance 180 yards, on a wager that he would not measure in the aggregate more than 160 inches, (4 inches each). He won by 9½ inches, averaging 3¾ inches a shot. He next shot 10 successive shots at rest, distance 180 yards, that measured in the aggregate 11¾ inches.

The three targets were made by three different Rifles. The last target was shot across a very strong wind driving the ball from 12 to 14 inches with three draughts of powder, long ball, 36 to the pound; length of barrel 33 inches, weight of barrel 9¾ pounds.

The cut of these Rifles, resembles the teeth of a coffee-mill.

New York, May 14th, 1843. Yours as ever, LEATHER STOCKING, JR.

The Racing Calendar.

PETERSBURG, VA., NEWMARKET COURSE.

TUESDAY, April 18, 1843—Produce Stakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Fourteen subs. at \$1000 each, \$300 ft. Mile heats.

Capt. John S. Corbin's ch. c. by Imp. Priam, out of Imp. My Lady (Passenger's and Nobleman's dam) by Comus..... 1 1
Otway P. Hare's br. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Mary Lea..... 2 2
Time, 1:54—1:57.

WEDNESDAY, April 19—Purse \$200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (James Long's) ch. m. *Cassandra*, by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Geo. Walden's bl. h. *Discon*, pedigree and age omitted..... 3 2
Peyton R. Johnson's b. m. *Keewana*, pedigree and age omitted..... 4 dist.
Thos. D. Watson's ch. m. *Yellow Rose*, by Andrew, out of Tuberose by Arab, 5 y 2 dr
Time, 3:58—3:55.

THURSDAY, April 20—J. C. Purse \$500, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's ch. h. *Æsop*, by Imp. Priam, out of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, 5 yrs..... 4 1 3 1
Geo. Walden's ch. c. *Prince Albert*, by Imp. Margrave, out of Eutaw's dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs..... 1 4 4 2
Wm. McCargo's br. h. *Eutaw*, by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Prince Albert's dam, 6 yrs..... 5 5 1 3
James Burney's br. m. *Duanna*, by Imp. Sarpedon, d. by Washington, 5 yrs 2 3 2 r. o.
E. J. Wilson's br. c. *Gosport*, by Imp. Margrave, out of Miss Valentine by Imp. Valentine, 4 yrs..... 6 2 5 r. o.
Nath'l. Raine's ch. c. *Jack Walker*, by Cymon, d. by Imp. Luzborough, 4 yrs 3 dr
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. c. by Imp. Priam, 4 yrs.—(quere, "the Big Priam!")..... dist.
Time, 8:16—8:30—8:03—8:41.

FRIDAY, April 21—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at \$100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

John Goodrum, Jr.'s b. f. *Patsey Anthony*, by Imp. Priam, out of the dam of Josephus and Telemachus by Virginian..... 3 1 1
Dr. T. Payne's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Director..... 1 * *
Nath'l. Raine's c. by Imp. Priam, dam by Mons. Tonson..... 2 * *
T. D. Watson's b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Tuberose by Arab..... 4 * *
Time, 1:58—1:54—1:59. * Placing not given.

Patsey Anthony was the favorite at 100 to 80, and no takers. Dr. Payne's Leviathan filly won the first heat by a few inches only from Mr. Raine's Priam colt, Watson's filly not contending for it. The 2d and 3d heats were won cleverly by Patsey Anthony, who is a fine bay, 15 hands 1 inch, under the standard, well proportioned, and very handsome. It will be seen that she is out of the dam of Josephus and Telemachus.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C., MOUNT VERNON COURSE.

WEDNESDAY, May 3, 1843—Jockey Club Purse \$200, ent. \$20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's gr. h. *Blue Dick*, by Imp. Margave, dam by Lance, 6 yrs. 1 1
Col. Francis Thompson's b. h. *John Causin*, by Imp. Zinganee, out of Attaway by Sir James, 5 yrs..... 2 dr
Time, 4:11.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Citizens' Plate of Alexandria, \$50, to which the Proprietor adds \$50, ent. \$10, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Wm. Dorbaker's ch. c. by Imp. Margrave, out of Polly Strand, 4 yrs..... 3 1 1
Peyton R. Johnson's b. f. *Keewana*, by Imp. Cetus, out of Imp. My Lady (Passenger's and Nobleman's dam) by Comus, 4 yrs..... 1 2 2
Maj. Thos. Doswell's ch. f. by Ormond, dam by Tariff, 4 yrs..... 2 3 dr
Ignatius Semmes' b. c. by Imp. Margrave—Attaway by Sir James, 3 yrs..... dist.
Dr. David Crawford's b. f. by Imp. John Bull, dam by Rattler, 3 yrs..... dist.
Time, 2:02—2:02—2:02½.

THURSDAY, May 4—Proprietor's Purse \$600, ent. \$60, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (James Long's) ch. m. *Cassandra*, by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, 5 yrs..... 1 1
Col. F. Thompson's gr. h. *Wilton Brown*, by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler, 5 yrs..... 2 2
Maj. Thos. Doswell's ch. h. *Winchester*, by Clifton, dam by Contention, 5 yrs..... 3 3
Time, 6:03—6:01½.

FRIDAY, May 5—Jockey Club Purse \$150, ent. \$15, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. F. Thompson's gr. f. <i>Kate Harris</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Wilton Brown's dam, 4 yrs.	1	1	1
Maj. T. Doxwell's br. f. <i>Emily Thomas</i> , by Imp. Priam, d. by Tom Tough, 4 yrs	2	2	2
Time, 1:53—1:52½—1:56½.			

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at \$50 each. P. P. Mile heats.

Mr. Linthicum's b. c. by Mazeppa, dam by Goliath.	1	1
Col. F. Thompson's b. c. (G. W.) by Imp. John Bull, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler.	2	2
Mr. Field's ch. c. (O. C.) by Imp. Foreigner, dam by Timoleon.	pd.	ft.
Time, 1:59½—1:59.		

SATURDAY, May 6—Purse, \$150, ent. free, conditions as for yesterday's purse. Two mile heats.

Peyton R. Johnson's b. f. <i>Kewana</i> , pedigree above, 4 yrs.	1	2	1
Wm. H. Noiland's b. f. <i>Sally Forbes</i> , by Ivanhoe, dam (own sister to Sarah Washington) by Garrison's Zingane, her dam by Contention, 4 yrs.	2	1	2
Time, 2:04—2:02—1:59.			

Our correspondent "*D. P.*" gives us the annexed description of the race between "*Little Cass*" and *Wilton Brown* :—

WASHINGTON CITY, May 4th, 1843.

Dear Sir,—I went over to Alexandria to-day to see the great race, that was to have been, between Cassandra, Wilton Brown, and Sarah Washington, at Three mile heats, for the snug little sum of \$600. As there had been no special announcement of the event in this morning's "*Intelligencer*," I took it almost for a certainty that there was "a screw loose" somewhere. After I got upon the ground the fact came out that Sarah was not to start, but that the two others named, with Winchester, would make up the field. Sarah's withdrawal reduced the affair to a mere match,—Winchester being regarded as of "no account," and Wilton's chance "was out," as his hope was to take the 2d and 3d heats, after a terrible struggle for the 1st by Cassandra and Sarah. Bets went a-begging at 5 to 3 and 2 to 1 on the little mare.

They went off at a slow pace, Wilton leading about a length, until entering upon the second quarter of the 2d mile,—Cassandra then pressed for the lead, and moved home, nose and tail with Wilton, whom she lapped when about one-third over the last mile, and made a spinning affair of it,—neck and neck, *all out*, until within a hundred yards of the distance stand, when Cassandra flew ahead, and Wilton pulled up—Winchester just within the distance flag. Time, 6:03.

In the 2d heat, Winchester took the track, and led for a mile and a quarter, as if he had been a fresh horse; Cassandra then made a rally, and after a clever brush with Winchester, placed herself about two lengths in front. Wilton made a run on entering the last quarter of the 2d mile, but the little mare kept him off in fine style until one third round upon the last mile, when Wilton let out "all he had," and looked like a winner, gaining upon Cassandra at every lick, and lapped her on entering the last half mile, and swung round to the distance stand with her, stride for stride, where she shook him off, and ran to the stand, nose and tail with Wilton, in 6:01½, both doing their best, and proving that there was not one second's superiority, to day, between them. Winchester filled the crowd with perfect amazement, in the last heat, making strong running from the score, leading for a considerable time, making a splendid brush when challenged by the mare, kept in the crowd all the while, and came home as strong, and as little distressed, as if he had been making only a half mile run. Any amount of money would have been bet that he would be badly distanced in that heat, and the people appeared to be unwilling to see him start at all. He was fat as a hog, and green at that—all the preparation he seemed to have had was his exercise in the 1st heat.

The track was not so wet as on the day before, but was stiff and sticky, and very unfavorable for good time. Cassandra was drawn a leetle too fine, to my eye; but Brown was, as you would say, "in condition to run for a man's life." I think if Sarah had started Wilton would have won in three heats—the two mares would have heard the secret in their run for the 1st heat. Wilton wants more speed. Had he have made the time as fast as possible, to-day, in the 1st heat, it is very likely he would have won the race.

If Register is decidedly superior to Wilton Brown, Cassandra had better let him alone, for he would beat her into fits.

Steel was brought upon the course to-day, and looked splendidly; he is

surely a magnificent stallion, and I hope will do well. Col. THOMPSON's favorite mares are with him, two of whom I saw to day with foals by their side, which, I am told, are the get of John Tyler, by Eclipse, who was out of a fine mare whose name I have forgotten.

There will be a "sensation" here next week, on the Four mile day;—Blue Dick and Register are likely to meet, with Sarah Washington, and two others.

Excuse this hurried and irregular note, which I have not time to correct.

D. P.

TRENTON. N J, EAGLE COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 9, 1843—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, colts 104lbs., fillies 101lbs. Sub. \$200 each. Two mile heats.

David Tom's ch. c. <i>Stanley</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Busiris	Sidney Smith.	1	1
S. Laird's b. c. <i>Delaware</i> , by Mingo, dam by Eclipse		2	2
J. Hellings' b. c. <i>D. Webster</i> , by Imp. Priam, dam Fairy		4	3
Chas. S. Lloyd's ch. c. <i>Billet</i> , by Mingo, dam by Mambino		3	dist.
J. K. Van Mater's ch. c. <i>Revel</i> , by Mingo, dam by Eclipse		pd.	ft.

Time, 3:57—3:50.

An easy race, Stanley not being headed throughout.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$50, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds 90lbs.—4. 104—5. 114—6. 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs., allowing 5lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Chas. S. Lloyd's ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse—Prospect's dam, 4 ys <i>P. Couvert</i> .	2	1	1
David Tom's b. c. <i>Dungannon</i> , by Mingo, dam by John Stanley, 4 yrs.	1	2	2
Mr. Carroll's ch. h. <i>John Rogers</i> , by Henry, dam by Shylock, aged.	3	dist.	

Time, 1:59—1:54—1:55.

This was quite a betting affair. Durgannon made a better race than his friends could have anticipated, as he started a lame horse.

WEDNESDAY, May 10—Purse \$200, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

J. K. Van Mater's br. c. by Imp. Mercer, out of Miss Mattie by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	2	1
A. H. Conover's ch. m. <i>Fanny Dawson</i> , by Veto, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs.	1	dist.
C. S. Lloyd's ch. h. <i>Red Gauntlet</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Imp. Vaga, 5 yrs.	3	dr

Time, 3:59—3:55.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$50, conditions as before. Mile heats.

C. S. Lloyd's ch. h. <i>Red Gauntlet</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.	1	1
D. Tom's ch. c. <i>Gloucester</i> , by Middlesex, dam by Valentine, 4 yrs.	2	2
J. K. Van Mater's c. <i>Revenge</i> , by Mingo, dam by Escape, 4 yrs.	3	3

Time, 1:56—1:55.

THURSDAY, May 11—Purse \$300, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Samuel Laird's (Wm. Gibbons') ch. m. <i>Fashion</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Bonnets o' Blue by Sir Charles, 6 yrs.	1	1
Chas. S. Lloyd's b. c. <i>Own brother to Hornblower</i> , 4 yrs.	2	2
D. Y. Jones' b. m. <i>Emily</i> , by Imp. Trustee, out of Princess, 5 yrs.	dr	

Time, 6:03—6:13.

Here the people were agreeably disappointed; for although Fashion was evidently too high, they booked her to win without a struggle. But in the second heat the colt went off on the lead, and was not headed until within twenty yards of the stand, and was then beaten by a neck, the whip being called into requisition freely. The track was heavy, and the race run through a cold, drizzly rain.

[There is a great discrepancy in the reports of this race. The Secretary of the N. Y. Jockey Club informs us that Fashion won without a struggle—that she could have run over the colt in any part of the race, and that she was untouched by whip or spur. Other spectators assure us that Fashion won at her ease, and Mr. T. speaks with the utmost confidence of the fact from his own observation.—Editor "Turf Register."]

SAME DAY—Second Race—Purse \$100, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Chas. S. Lloyd's br. h. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by John Richards, 5 yrs.	1	1
A. H. Conover's h. <i>Tasso</i> , by Imp. Felt, dam by Gohanna, 5 yrs.	2	2
J. K. Van Mater's b. m. <i>Diana Syntax</i> , by Dr. Syntax, 5 yrs.	3	3
D. Y. Jones' b. m. <i>Emily</i> , pedigree above, 5 yrs.	4	4

Time, 1:57—1:51½.

This was a most interesting race. The weather cleared off, and there was a strong talk of the forties being marked out. The betting was in favor of the Syntax mare, but by being wary, a man could bet almost as he pleased. Lloyd's colt won in two heats, taking the lead, and keeping it throughout each heat.

WASHINGTON, D. C., NATIONAL COURSE.

TUESDAY, May 9, 1843—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at \$200 each, \$50 ft. Mile heats.

T. H. S. Boyce's ch. c. by Imp. Foreigner, dam by Mons. Tonson	1	1
Col. F. Thompson's ch. f. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Queen of Clubs	2	2
J. B. Kendall's ch. f. <i>Ellen Lyon</i> , by Dione, out of Ecarte	3	dist.

Time, 1:55—2:01.

SAME DAY—Second Race—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Sub. \$20 each, with \$50 added. Mile heats.

W. Holmead's (Peyton R. Johnson's) b. f. <i>Kewana</i> , by Imp. Cetus, out of Imp. My Lady (Passenger's and Nobleman's dam) by Comus.....	1 1
J. B. Kendall's (H. Linthicum's) b. c. by Mazeppa.....	2 2
Time, 1:57½—2:10.	

THURSDAY, May 11—Purse \$150, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs., allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

James B. Kendall's gr. h. <i>Hector Bell</i> , by Drone, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna, 6 yrs.....	3 4 1 1
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. m. <i>Sarah Washington</i> , by Garrison's Zingabee, dam by Contention, 6 yrs.....	5 1 2 2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Messrs. Townes') b. c. <i>Regent</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Fantail by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.....	2 2 3 r. o.
Wm. Holmead's ch. h. <i>United</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Timoleon, 5 yrs.....	1 3 dist.
Col. F. Thompson's b. h. <i>John Cousin</i> , by Imp. Zingabee, out of Attaway by Sir James, 5 yrs.....	4 5 dist.
Time, 4:06—4:12—4:14—4:19.	

Had this race come off, with the same result, over a course in good order, it would have "removed many prejudices" and no mistake! More than all, it would have taken the conceit out of those who have fondly cherished the hope that in *Regent*, the Old Dominion had found another Henry. Sarah Washington makes a better show, but what a falling off for the Mountain Filly! But a race through deep mud is no more a test of the powers of a race horse than treading mortar in a brick-yard. We regard the race as no proof whatever of Hector Bell's superiority to Sarah and Regent, on a firm, smooth course, though he is a fine horse and a credit to his gallant sire and the best daughter of Gohanna. From the placing, we should judge that Sarah and United (the latter especially) were overworked at some point in their pace through the mud; turfmen are aware how dangerous it is to press a horse over his rate for even twenty yards in deep mud; it so exhausts them that they rarely come again during the race.

FRIDAY, May 12—Ladies' Purse of \$250, ent. \$20, added, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (James Long's) ch. m. <i>Cassandra</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, 5 yrs.....	George. 1 2 1
Maj. Thos. Doswell's br. m. <i>Maria Shelton</i> , by Imp. Priam, d. by Director, 5 yrs.....	2 1 dr
Time, 6:08—2d heat not reported.	

"Little Cass" won like open and shut; she threw away the second heat "just for a flyer" after Maria was dead beat, but the thing was to be seen "sticking out" so plainly that no betting could be had. Maria, very sensibly, was drawn.

SATURDAY, May 13—Jockey Club Purse \$500, entrance \$40 each, added, weights as before. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Col. J. P. White's) gr. h. <i>Blue Dick</i> , by Imp. Margrave, dam by Lance, 6 yrs.....	Craig. 1 1
Col. Francis Thompson's b. h. <i>Pryor</i> , by Imp. Priam, out of Queen of Clubs by Eclipse, 5 yrs.....	2 2
Time, 7:59—8:16. Won handily.	

HAVANA RACES—VALDES COURSE.

JAMES S. GARRISON, OF NEW ORLEANS, PROPRIETOR.

An *Extra* from the office of the New Orleans "Picayune" furnishes the earliest report we have received of these races. It was furnished to that excellent journal by our friend F. A. LUMSDEN, Esq., one of its editors. We quote:—

HAVANA, 25th April, 1843.

By this you will perceive that I am amongst the gay *Habaneros*. The Alabama shot swiftly past the Moro Castle this morning, and entered this most beautiful harbor at half-past 6 o'clock, being precisely sixty hours from the time we left the Balize. A more delightful trip, and finer weather than we had all the way, could not be desired, the Gulf being almost as smooth as the Mississippi. Indeed, the trip was more like a pleasure excursion upon a broad and placid lake than going to sea. No one, not even Parson Miller himself, could have wished

for a more agreeable and balmy day than we found the *twenty-third* to be. How other mortals felt it I cannot tell, but every soul on board our ship thought of anything else than a destruction of the world; and judging from the temperature of the water, which we dipped up occasionally, to see if it might not be actually boiling, I don't think there was much of a fire anywhere ashore.

To-morrow the races are to commence over the Valdes Course. *Creath*, *Sally Shannon* and *Borax* are to come together for a purse of \$1500, two mile heats. The former seems to be the favorite, decidedly, and as they are all doing well, and the course, which is a most beautiful one, is in good order, "quick time" is expected.

You will regret to learn that *George Martin*, the unrivalled Southern race horse, was very severely injured yesterday, by a kick from *Ran Peyton*. The two were walking in their exercise, and unfortunately came in too close proximity. When *George Martin* attacked *Ran Peyton*, and the latter kicked the other on the shoulder. The injury sustained by *George* was so severe, that he came near dying, and for several hours it was feared he could not recover. To-day, however, he is somewhat better; but there is not a chance of his running at this meeting—if, indeed, he ever starts again.

Wednesday evening 26th April.—I must commence my report of to-day's race by saying that the attendance was not so numerous as was anticipated by many, and consequently not so flattering to Mr. Garrison as I had hoped. The day was warm and clear, with but little wind; and the course, for a new one, in very good order. I will here mention that owing to the warmth of the weather, the races take place in the afternoon, at 4 and 5 o'clock, according to the distance to be run.

Racing is so great a novelty to these good people, that they do not comprehend why a horse after being entered, should be "drawn," nor do they think a start fair unless the contending nags get away "dead locked," no matter how many may run; hence, there were manifestations of dissatisfaction to-day on each of these points. After having been entered, *Borax* was found to be too much out of order to run, except at imminent risk; he was therefore drawn. In getting off, in both of the heats, too, *Creath* had a few feet—certainly not more in either heat than a length—the advantage of *Sally Shannon*. Over the New Orleans courses all would have declared them fair starts: but the Spaniards thought differently.

The Valdes Course has already been spoken of in the "*Picayune*" in terms of commendation, and I must say very justly. More it is unnecessary to add, except that Mr. Garrison has done himself great credit in the very excellent arrangement of the whole. A large number of soldiers, both mounted and on foot, are stationed around the course, inside and out, for the purpose of preserving order; but, judging from the quiet and decorous demeanor of the assemblage to-day, it seems a most useless provision. A full military band is also engaged, the excellent music from which greatly enhances the amusements.

I have only time to say that *Creath* was the winner of the purse in two straight heats; the time of the first, which was most gallantly contended for by *Sally Shannon*, was 3:40—that of the second was 3:45. *Monk* was upon *Creath*—*Sally Shannon* was ridden by *Andrew Jackson*.

WEDNESDAY, April 26, 1843.—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, free for all ages, 2 yr. olds carrying 75lbs.—3, 86—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs, with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

R. T. n Broeck, jun.'s (Fergus Duplantier's) b. c. <i>Creath</i> , by Imp. Tranby, dam by Big Archy, 4 yrs	<i>Monk</i> .	1	1
El. Sr. Conde Canongo's (W. P. Greer's) b. f. <i>Sally Shannon</i> , by Woodpecker, out Darnley's dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs		2	2
El. Sr. Conde Barreto's (Robert Smith's) ch. c. <i>Borax</i> , by Pacific, dam by Bag-d, 3 yrs			dr
Time, 3:40—3:45.			

Thursday Evening, April 27th.—The second day's race is just over. It was for a purse of \$1000—\$150 to go to the second best horse and \$50 to the third—mile heats. There were six entries, viz.: *Ran Peyton*, *Lady Jane*, *Joe Chalmers*, *Monkey Dick*, *Rob Rucker* and *Benjamin Basden*. All these came up at the summons and appeared to be in good condition. *Lady Jane* was the favorite, decidedly, against the field.

The weather was fine, as on the first day, and the course, as I said before,

in good order for a new one. I will here state that the whole extent of the track is sanded with a heavy coarse sand, of a light color, and somewhat resembling pulverized limestone; it lies loosely on the surface, and the horses appear to move over it with tolerable ease. The course is not perfectly level, but rises and falls slightly in some two or three places, so that in running, particularly at the turn of the quarter stretch, the horses are for a moment out of sight from the stands. About half way from the head of the stretch, it gradually but very slightly descends, which gives a fine effect to the "run home." So much for the course; I now proceed to the race of the day.

The attendance, though not so large as it was yesterday, was fair, and owing to the very exciting contest for the purse with a field of six horses, the greatest enthusiasm was excited amongst the spectators. I have seldom seen a better contested race; and when you are informed that three heats were run in 1:50—1:49, and 1:50, you may suppose how excellent the sport must have been. From the score in every heat, each nag went off at his best pace; it would be idle to attempt to give their positions as they alternately passed each other and then fell back through each mile, and you must therefore be content to know their places on coming out—for which I refer you to the summary below. Contrary to all expectation, Robert Rucker took the first heat, though many thought Ran Peyton was entitled to it, as the latter, who came out second and nearly up with Rucker, was much crowded by him in coming past the gates. Lady Jane, the favorite, was third.

The second heat was very fast, and intensely exciting. Rucker and Benjamin Basden, a light and fleet looking grey colt by Daniel O'Connell, "caught the flag in their faces." Chalmers won the heat, Lady Jane being second.

You should have heard the people talk Spanish after this heat! They could not understand why Rucker, who ran so forward in the first heat, was so far behind in this; they knew nothing of what was meant by being "distanced," and could make "neither head nor tail" of the whole affair. The "knowing ones" were rather "wild" themselves, and there was a good deal of "hedging" and manoeuvring among them. Joe Chalmers won the third heat, strongly driven by the Lady and Monkey Dick. The latter made great running towards the close of the mile, and looked very like a winner, but Joe led past the stand in 1:50, amidst the loudest plaudits of the excited crowd. I annex a summary:—

THURSDAY, April 27—Jockey Club Purse \$1000, \$150 of which to go to second, and \$50 to third horse, weights as before. Mile heats.

R. Ten Broeck, jun.'s ch. c. <i>Joe Chalmers</i> , by Imp. Consol. out of Rachel by Partisan, 3 yrs.	4	1	1
Gen. Robert B. Campbell's (J. McNicholl's) b. c. <i>Monkey Dick</i> , by Dick Singleton, dam by Trumpator, 3 yrs.	5	4	2
El Sr. Conde de Canongo's (Capt. Win. J. Minor's) gr. f. <i>Lady Jane</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Orphan Boy, 3 yrs.	3	2	3
El Sr. Don Santiago Drake's (Col. Vance Johnston's) ch. c. <i>Ran Peyton</i> , by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs.	2	3	4
El Sr. Conde de Cassa Barreto's <i>Robert Rucker</i> , by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs.	1	dist.	
Celzo Ferino's br. c. <i>Benj. Basden</i> , by Daniel O'Connell, d. by Virginian, 2 yrs	6	dist.	

Time, 1:50—1:49—1:50.

We have not room to-day for Mr. Lumsden's subsequent letters, but they shall soon see the light. As a curiosity we publish the entries of the first day's race as we find them in the official advertisement. The Havana printers have used our English orthography cruelly:—

Dia 26—Corrida de dos millas en que la distancia sera de ochenta y siete y cuarto varas castellanas y el premio que se ha de disputar de 1500 pesos.

CABALLOS INTRODUCIDOS.

El Sr. conde del Canongo ha hecho la entrada de la yegua Sally Phanno, hija del caballo Wood Picker y de una yegua del caballo Richard de color dorado de tres años de edad y de la propiedad de Mr. W. P. Green.—El ginete que lo ha de correr vestira de azul y blanco.

El Sr. conde de Casa Barreto ha introducido el caballo Borat de la propiedad de Mr. R. Smith, de color alazan y de tres años de edad, hijo del caballo Pacific y de una yegua del caballo Bagdad.—El ginete vestira de amarillo y blanco.

Mr. R. Ten Broeck ha introducido un caballo de su propiedad nombrado Creath de color dorado y de cuatro años de edad cuyo jinete se distinguirá entre los demás, vistiendo todo de blanco.—Estos son los caballos que han de contender con el premio arriba mencionado y llevarán los pesos correspondientes a su edad con arreglo al artículo 32 del Reglamento de la Sociedad.—Los caballos concurrirán al pie del pabellón del Director cuando lo indique el sonido de la corneta, que será a las tres y media de la tarde. En seguida se abrirá la caja de las entradas y en el orden que las papeletas sean extraídas se determinará el puesto que cada uno deba ocupar al principio de la corrida, la cual romperá a las cuatro de la tarde en punto.

Friday Evening, April 28th.—The race to-day was for a purse of \$1,500—the second best horse to receive \$200 of it, and \$100 to go to the third, provided more than two started. The weather and course were the same as on the previous days. Indeed, unless it should rain—of which there is no earthly probability for some time—these things cannot well undergo any change. At this season of the year hot weather and no rain are the regular order of the day in Havana.

I am sorry to say that the first day's race here was decidedly more numerously attended than either the second or third. Owing to some cause incomprehensible to me, I must confess that a taste for racing does not prevail with these people; it forms no ingredient of their composition. To bull baits and cock fights they *swarm* in thousands. Besides, some of the papers here have "thrown cold water" on this sport, but from what cause I am again unable to conceive. The running has certainly been very excellent, and all those who have attended the course, with a few exceptions on the first day, have demonstrated their satisfaction with the sports in a manner not to be mistaken. Racing, however, is a complete novelty to the *Habaneros*; and possibly when they see and know more of it, they may show a proper appreciation of so many and interesting an amusement. One of the papers of this morning thinks this will be the case, and most sincerely do I hope it may so prove. Mr. Garrison has been at great expense in getting up the *Valdes Course*, and without more liberal patronage he must incur a very considerable loss. But I am running from my subject—let me return to the race of the day.

Susan Hill, Sandy Young, and Boston were the entries, and all came to the post at the call. The betting between Susan and Sandy was very spirited, while Boston was not thought of at all. Two heats in 3:45 and 3:51 decided the question: these were taken handily by Susan Hill. Sandy Young made two or three very beautiful, though ineffectual, brushes; but he was not exactly in form to win. Here is the result:—

FRIDAY, April 28—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, \$200 of which to go to second, and \$100 to the third horse, weights as before. Two mile heats.		
El Sr. Don Santiago Drake's (Col. Vance Johnston's) ch. f. <i>Susan Hill</i> , by Imp. Glencoe, out of Susan Hull by Timoleon, 4 yrs.	1	1
El Sr. Conde de Canonge's (W. P. Greer's) b. c. <i>Sandy Young</i> , by Medoc, out of Natchez Belle by Bertrand, 3 yrs.	2	2
El Sr. Conde de Casa-Barreto's (Robert Smith's) ch. c. <i>Boston</i> , by Haywood, dam by Jackson, 3 yrs.	3	3
Time, 3:45—3:51.		

Saturday Evening, April 29th—To-day came off the great three mile race for the purse of \$3 000, and I am pleased to say that the attendance was quite good, a very large assemblage of ladies being present.

The entries were, Warwick, Creath, Norma, and El Furioso, all of which came to the post. Creath was the favorite against the field, at 2 and 3 to 1, which was very freely taken before starting. I shall not detain you long with a description of the race; the favorite won at his ease in two heats: time, 5:44—5:53. Both heats were contested by Norma alone. At the end of the second mile of the first heat Warwick gave up the struggle, and El Furioso was distanced.

As you will remember, by the advertisement published in the "*Picayune*," the winner was to get \$2 400 of this purse; the second best nag \$400, and \$200 were to go to the third—but as there was no third, Mr. Garrison pocketed the \$200

SATURDAY, April 29—Jockey Club Purse \$3000, of which \$400 go to the second, and \$200 to the third best horse, weights as before. Three mile heats.

R. Ten Broeck, jun.'s (Fergus Duplantier's) b. c. *Creath*, pedigree above, 4 yrs... 1 1
 El Sr. Conde de Canongo's (Capt. Wm. J. Minor's) ch. f. *Norma*, by Longwaist, out of Imp. Novelty by Blacklock, 3 yrs... 2 2
 El Sr. Don Santiago Drake's (J. G. Boswell's) b. c. *El Furioso* (late Headlong), by Imp. Hedgford, out of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, 3 yrs... dist.
 El Sr. Conde de Casa-Barreto's (Robert Smith's) ch. c. *Warwick*, 3 yrs... dist.

First Heat.		Second Heat.	
Time of first mile.....	1:55	Time of first mile.....	2:01
" " second mile.....	1:46	" " second mile.....	1:49
" " third mile.....	1:51	" " third mile.....	1:54

Time of First Heat..... 5:44 | Time of Second Heat..... 5:53

Sunday Evening, April 30th.—The race to-day was for a purse of \$1,500—best 3 in 5—mile heats. The entries for it were Susan Hill, Robert Rucker, Sally Shannon, and Joe Chalmers. They attracted quite a large assemblage of spectators. Susan and Chalmers were the favorites before starting; the two were frequently offered and taken against the field, and there was much even betting one against the other.

The first heat was a slow one and won handily by the Alabama filly, which you may recollect to have showed to advantage at the last meeting on the Louisiana Course. The backers of Chalmers were unable to account for his running and hedged their money with all possible rapidity.

The second heat did something to justify the confidence of his friends by driving Susan to the stand in 1:50—five seconds quicker than the previous heat; but at the end he showed evident signs of distress.

The money was now thought to be Susan's *sure*, and the only betting was between the other three; a good deal of "business" was done about them. All four came up at the tap of the drum and got off well together. Susan went to the front with a few strides and was never headed, running out this third mile in 1:48. Of the other three, all of whom made strong running from the start, Chalmers was the first to cry *peccavi*. There was a pretty contest between Rucker and Sally Shannon, the former beating her, however, and thus winning the second purse.

I have now to inform you of a sad accident by which the sports of the day were marred. In bringing up the horses for the second heat, Mr. Linn. Coch, who had Chalmers by the head to start him, was standing a little in advance of two others, when the drum was tapped and all let go. Each of the two struck Mr. Coch, the first jostling him severely, and the second knocking him down and striking him with his hoof. It was at first feared he was killed, but he was able to get up himself, and walk across to the stand without assistance. Shortly after, however, he suffered more severely, and a physician, who was fortunately at hand, was called to him. Upon examination it was found that his right collar bone was broken, and the breast much bruised. He was placed in a *rolante* and carried to his bed, when he was bled and received all proper medical aid. This accident, as you may imagine, interfered very much with the pleasures of the day, seriously diminishing the pleasure we should have derived from the race, which was in itself an interesting one. I annex the summary of

FIFTH DAY, April 30—Jockey Club Purse \$1500, of which \$200 to go to the second, and \$100 to the third best horse, weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

El Sr. Don Santiago Drake's (Col. Vance Johnston's) ch. f. *Susan Hill*, pedigree above, 4 yrs... 1 1 1
 El Sr. Conde de Casa-Barreto's (Robt. Smith's) c. *Robert Rucker* ped above, 3 y... 2 4 2
 El Sr. Conde de Canongo's (Wm. P. Greer's) b. f. *Sally Shannon*, pedigree above, 3 yrs... 3 3 3
 R. Ten Broeck's ch. c. *Joe Chalmers*, pedigree above 3 yrs... 4 2 4
 Time, 1:55—1:50—1:48.

Monday Evening, May 1.—The sports over the Valdes Race Course closed to-day with another best 3 in 5 race, mile heats, for a purse of \$1,000 for beaten horses. It afforded unusual fun, and was one of those peculiar contests in which the "knowing ones" are "thrown," and the nag least thought of, or rather not thought of at all, turns out to be the winner. Originally there were five or six entries, but on calling up the horses but three made their appearance—Norma, Monkey Dick and Boston. Of these Norma was the favorite, while the Monkey was considered better than Boston.

Boston, who is a large, strong-looking chesnut, with a blaze face and three white feet, not unlike his distinguished namesake, in Virginia, won the first, third and fourth heats, contrary to the expectation even of his owner. After he had taken the first heat, bets were made that he would not win another, and after the second heat, which was the Monkey's, bets were offered that he would be distanced. Only think how the "knowing ones" were mistaken! The race was an exceedingly interesting one, particularly for those who backed the field. I subjoin a summary.

MONDAY, May 1.—Purse \$1000, free for all losing horses which have run over the Valdes Course, the second best horse to receive from the purse \$200, the third best horse \$150, and the fourth best horse \$50, provided six horses start, weights as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

El Sr. Conde de Casa-Barreto's (Robert Smith's) ch. c. <i>Boston</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	3	1	1
El Sr. Conde de Canongo's (Capt. Wm. J. Minor's) ch. f. <i>Norma</i> , pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	2	3	3
Gen. R. B. Campbell's (J. McNicholl's) b. c. <i>Monkey Dick</i> , ped. above, 3 yrs	3	1	2	2

Time, 1:50—1:52—1:53—1:55.

Thus has ended the first meeting over the Valdes Race Course. Mr. Garrison, though he has incurred considerable loss by his enterprise thus far, I am inclined to think has every reason to anticipate in future the fullest success with the Course. There are many reasons why the sports have not been well attended; it would be useless to name them all, did I know them; but one of the most prominent is the fact that horse-racing is so great a novelty to these people, who are as peculiar in their sports as in their other habits, and do not immediately yield themselves to any new species of amusement. By another season, the every-day sight of the race course, the creole races which will be run over it by the amateur racers in the interval, and other causes, will have removed much of the prejudice now existing against racing among the citizens. Besides, the Jockey Club is composed of liberal gentlemen, whose interest in this matter cannot but foster it; and I shall be greatly deceived if I do not see next year thousands of spectators at the races where there have been hundreds this.

Yours, &c.

F. A. L.

Another "Secret for Taming Vicious Horses."—The "Bostanico Medical Recorder" records the following experiment of *mesmerizing* a vicious horse:—

"On Saturday, as we were passing down Fourth street between Sycamore and Maine, we observed a horse. Three men were endeavoring to make the horse go, and one was pushing the dray towards him, but all in vain; he would not stir a peg, but backed against the pavement, and maintained his position with a firmness worthy of a better cause.

"We stepped up to him, saying that he was a good horse, and would pull if they treated him well, at the same time brushing away with our fingers the action from his combativeness, destructiveness, and firmness, which had been too highly excited. The driver said that it was not best to make him go by that means, for our fingers would not always be ready when he might refuse again to go. We then touched, for a few moments, his love of a probation, then taking hold of the bridle, we requested him to start. He walked off just as any horse would have done, that had never refused to go. We had tried two other cases with complete success.

"We have thought these cases worthy of record, because the common cry of collusion between the operator and the subject, could not be urged there as an objection to the truth of the science."

TURF REGISTER.

PEDIGREE OF CASPIAN.

The Property of SAMUEL G. WRIGHT, of Monmouth Co., N. J.

CASPIAN, a brown colt, was foaled (the property of Dr. GEORGE M'CLELLAN, of Philadelphia) in the Spring of 1833. He was got by Shark, out of Betsey Archer by Sir Archy, grandam Weazel by Shylock, g. g. dam by Imp. Dare Devil—Wildair, the best son of Col. Baylor's Imp. Fearnought—Piccadilly by Maclin's Fearnought (by Imp. Fearnought out of an Imp. Mare)—Col. Baylor's Godolphin (by Imp. Fearnought, out of Col. Baylor's Imp. mare Jenny Dismal)—Imp. Hob-or-Nob—Imp. Jolly Roger—Imp. Valiant—Tryall by Imp. Morton's Traveller.

Shark, the sire of Caspian, is own brother to Bay and Black Maria, by American Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot. Caspian, on his dam's side, is half brother to Frank, the sire of Jim and Josh Bell, also of Fanny Green by Imp. Trustee, who beat Laneville last Fall at Newmarket, Va. For Betsey Archer's Pedigree see "American Turf Register," vol. ii. page 461. For Eclipse's Pedigree, see "Register," vol. ii. page 298. For Lady Lightfoot's Pedigree, see "Turf Register," vol. ii. page 307.

HUGH ROGERS.

SAMUEL A. CHILDS.

PEDIGREE OF ESTRELLA.

ESTRELLA, b. f., now 2 yrs. old (the property of the undersigned), by Imp. Priam, out of Dahlia by Timoleon (sire of Boston), grandam Florinda by Imp. Jack Andrews, g. g. dam Hurry'em by Imp. Precipitate, g. g. g. dam Pill Box, by Imp. Pantaloon, g. g. g. g. dam by Burwell's Traveller, g. g. g. g. dam by Mark Anthony (who was by Old Partner, out of Imp. Septima by Othello), g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Aristotle, g. g. g. g. g. g. dam by Imp. Jolly Roger, out of Imp. Bonny Lass.

Dahlia, the dam of Estrella, broke her leg in her stable a short time since, and died in a few hours afterwards. She was in foal to Imp. Trustee.

St. Julien, near Fredericksburg, Va., Feb. 9, 1843.

F. E. BROOKE.

Irish Pedigree Wanted—A correspondent desires to obtain the pedigree of a light grey Irish horse, called *Talma*. He was bought at Waterford in 1838, at 3 yrs old, when in training, and the following account was furnished to the purchaser:—

"Mr. MILES' stud cherger *Talma* was got by Blue Bonnet (by old Eclipse) and dam by Prunella. Bred by T. Maher, Esq., M P."

Can any one furnish the pedigree? The word "by," in the foregoing, as applied to Prunella, may be *de trop*: dam Prunella would seem to shew the account complete.